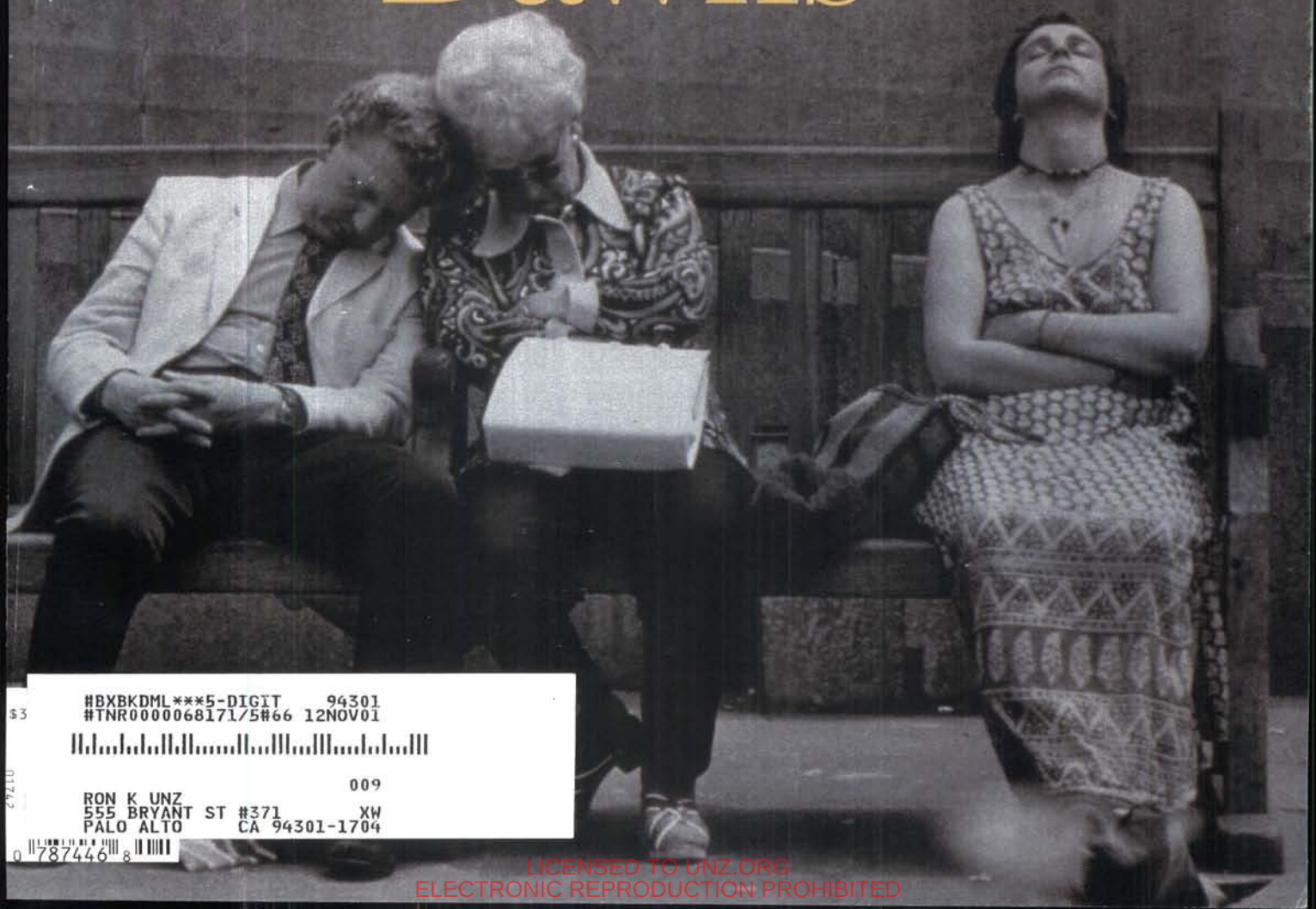
DICK ARMEY, MAN OF THE MILLENNIUM!

THE NEW REPUBLIC

ANUARY 3, 2000 / DOUBLE ISSUE

The Millennium Dawns



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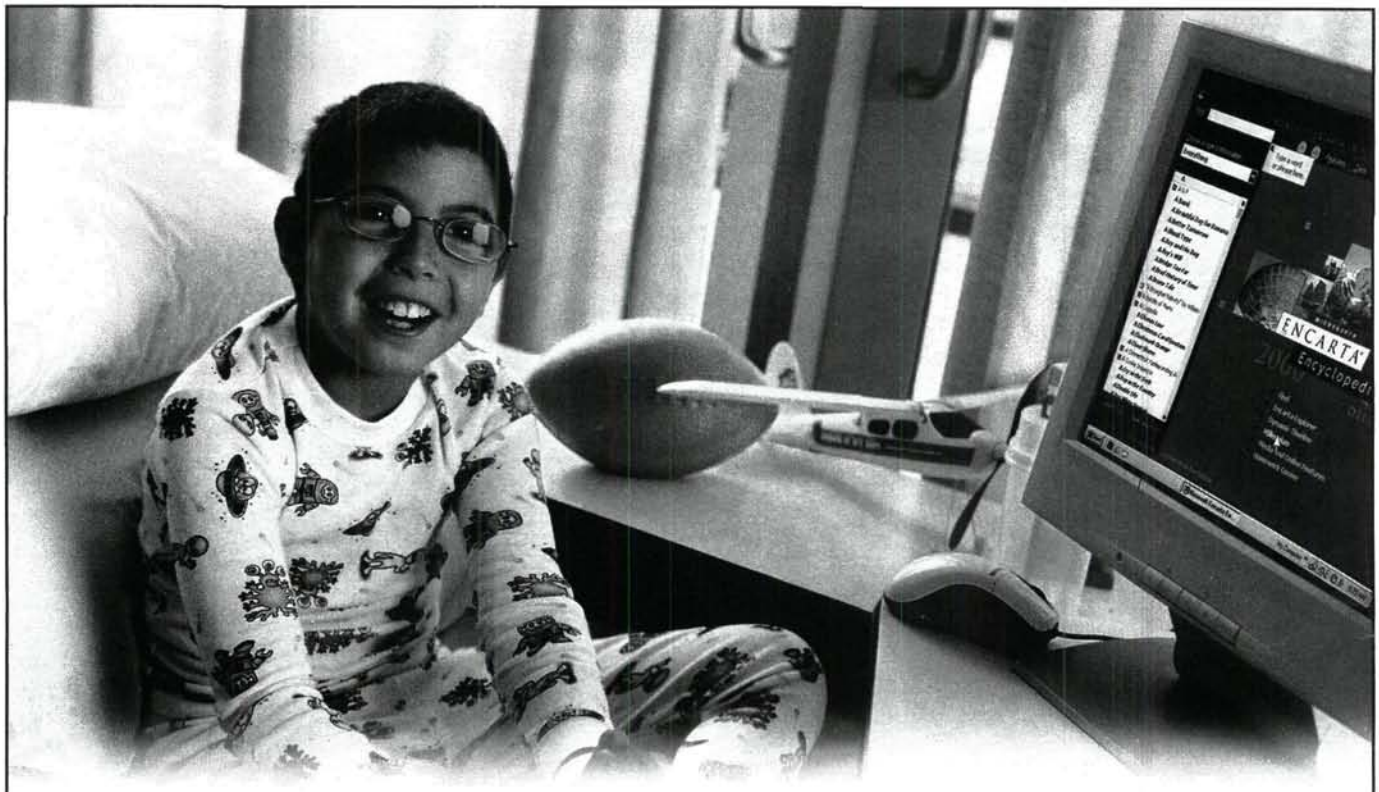

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A Journal of Politics and the Arts

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Red menace

TO THE EDITORS:
I am a beginning farmer. I have just been given six Rhode Island Reds: they are hens. Under the espionage law, is it safe for me to keep them?

MARY NELLES
Mt. Kisco, New York
June 14, 1919

We love you, too

TO THE EDITORS:
I am a plain businessman—hard-headed, red-blooded, two fisted, self-made.

When I see a young man coming into my office, selling something or looking for a job, if he has a copy of THE NEW REPUBLIC sticking out of his pocket, I have him thrown out of the place.

J. NAILS HARDMAN
March 24, 1920

Dublin' up

TO THE EDITORS:
May I not have the assistance of TNR in urging the election of Herbert Hoover for president of Ireland? You know his qualifications. He has social vision and a thorough grasp of the international situation and has never had anything to do with the politics of Ireland.

EDWARD MACCARSON
Belfast, Ireland
March 31, 1920

A mystery solved

TO THE EDITORS:
Does not "TRB" stand for "'tis rotten bunk"?

L.F. ELLIOTT
Black Hills, South Dakota
March 11, 1931

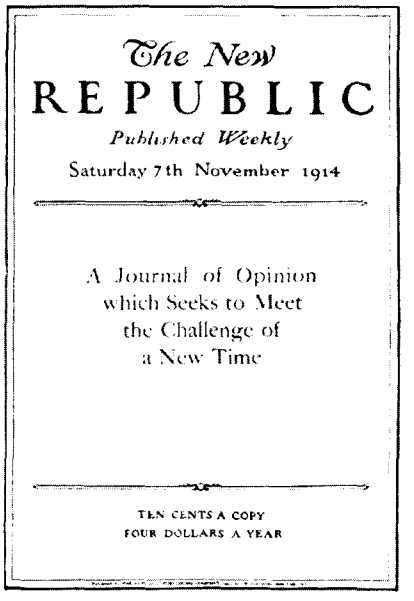
Pollyanna's corner

TO THE EDITORS:
I hesitated about renewing my subscription to TNR this time partly because the editors frequently take a "long-faced" view of things when a "long" view is all that is justified. Things may be perfectly rotten everywhere you look, but few mortals can stand hearing about it and thinking about it all the time. Dig around and find a few more commendable and happy trends and situations; there must be some.

C.D.
New Jersey
January 20, 1937

Getting tough on immigration

TO THE EDITORS:
TNR has often—as in the recent case of


The New
REPUBLIC
Published Weekly
Saturday 7th November 1914
A Journal of Opinion which Seeks to Meet the Challenge of a New Time
TEN CENTS A COPY
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR

John Strachey—come to the defense of foreign visitors who are excluded from the United States for political reasons. The practice in the past, however, has been to wait until the damage is done. It is in the hope that another belated protest may be avoided that I am writing you today, while there is still time, to prevent a repetition, on a far larger scale, of the Strachey episode of last autumn.

I refer, of course, to the impending visit of King George and Queen Elizabeth of Great Britain. Strachey was prevented from entering the United States because one unknown person in London alleged that he was a Communist. But there is no doubt at all concerning the political affiliations of the royal visitors. They are the physical embodiment of the principle of monarchism—and British monarchism, at that—which has sought to destroy and subvert American democracy for more than 150 years.

I therefore propose to anticipate any trouble that may arise by advocating now, while there is still time, the formation of an "invite Hitler and Mussolini to Washington" committee. Let us make it clear that the American spirit of tolerance still lives.

QUINCY HOWE
New York, New York
May 31, 1939

Alert William Bennett

TO THE EDITORS:
I am no prude, and I can use a cussword when it seems to be called for in conversation, but I confess I am somewhat irked by the increasing frequency with which your writers, and especially your correspondents, descend to the use of expletives and phrases which seem to me undesirable and which look worse in print than they sound in conversation. Just what do the following words (January 22 issue) add to the effectiveness of the articles in which they appear?

"But, by God. . . ."
"What the hell. . . ."
"That record will be in every whorehouse in the country."

A.E. BRUCE
Claremont, California
February 19, 1940

Of course

TO THE EDITORS:
TRB ("Washington Wire," February 27) is completely and utterly mistaken as to the blindness of the "isolationists and economizers." They foresaw exactly this result in the days when the Truman Doctrine, with its abiogenic, militaristic, and eleemosynary concomitants, was dumped on the backs of the American taxpayers.

VICTOR C. VANCE
Pueblo, Colorado
April 3, 1950

Oh, ye of little faith

TO THE EDITORS:
Stanley Kauffmann went back to see *The Graduate* and it's *still* a milestone in American film history?

CLARA CLAIBORNE PARK
Williamstown, Massachusetts
February 24, 1968

Hookers unite!

TO THE EDITORS:
This letter is in reference to your recent note stating that Maggie Scarf's article, "I Was A Hooker for the CIA" (September 3), was a joke.

This is no joke for the families in the United States, Canada, Australia, and England who have the surname "Hooker."

I hope you and all editors and reporters will appreciate that the *slang* use of the name Hooker as a substitute for "prostitute" is a very serious matter rather than a laughing matter.

I have four granddaughters whose future I have great hopes for, and I seriously object to them being labeled as prostitutes because their family name happens to be Hooker.

EDWIN R. K. HOOKER
"Twenty Twyford"
Islington, Ontario
October 29, 1977

Firing line

TO THE EDITORS:
John Taft, writing about Arthur Schle-

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singer Jr., says, "William Buckley can't abide him" ("The Once and Future Mandarin," November 26). In fact, that is not true; the fact of it is I have abided him.

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.
New York, New York
December 17, 1977

Free admission, of course

TO THE EDITORS:
The United States faces two festering problems. First, what is the best use of Alcatraz? Second, where should the Nixon museum be located? The answer seems obvious.

JOHN M. KUHLMAN
Hartsburg, Missouri
December 2, 1981

Exit 36 strikes back

TO THE EDITORS:
At its regular meeting on January 18, 1984, the Newark Municipal Council adopted a "MOTION CRITICIZING THE NEW REPUBLIC MAGAZINE AND WRITER BRUCE FEIRSTEIN FOR UNPROVOKED RIDICULE OF THE CITY OF NEWARK IN AN ALLEGEDLY HUMOROUS ARTICLE ENTITLED 'NEW JERSEY BOMBS,' IN THE ISSUE DATED JANUARY 30, 1984."

FRANK D'ASCENSIO
City Clerk
Newark, New Jersey
March 5, 1984

Of course, right away

TO THE EDITORS:
In "Rx From Dr. Seuss" (March 26), TRB refers to "Kick-a-poo" as a nonsense phrase invented by Al Capp. I hardly think that members of the Kickapoo Native American tribe of Wisconsin and Michigan think of it as a nonsense phrase; no more so, perhaps than phrases such as Al-sa-tian, Se-phar-dic, or Ma-ce-do-ni-an. Perhaps some sort of apology is in order.

FRANCISCO LAMELAS
Newburgh, New York
April 30, 1984

The transcendentalist today

TO THE EDITORS:
I take exception to TRB's suggestion that Michael Jackson's defending snakes is nothing more than childish "babbling" ("Prisoner of Commerce," April 16). Any critical thinker who has bothered to dwell even briefly on the matter knows how absurd the average adult's reactions are when confronted with a reptile. In his attitude toward snakes, Jackson is displaying both intelligence and the capacity to transcend the cultural prejudices that restrict far too many adults. He is following in the footsteps of Thoreau and Schweitzer.

ROBERT S. PIPER
Mount Pleasant, Pennsylvania
May 14, 1984

TO THE EDITORS:
You are a no-brained, *stupid* jerk! My friend Alethea Garber has Michael Jackson's address and when he finds out, you don't know in how much trouble you're going to be! You better change your mind *real quick* and I meant what I said!

SHARON LADENSON (age ten)
East Lansing, Michigan
May 14, 1984

TO THE EDITORS:
You are a stupid, monkey-faced, two-nosed, no-brained jerk (the editor)! How dare you write about Michael Jackson (the great opposite of you) the way you did? If you don't write nicely about Michael J. in your next issue, you'll have some damage done to you (and I mean it)!

ALETHEA GARBER
Valley Stream, New York
May 14, 1984

Measure for measure

TO THE EDITORS:
Katha Pollitt's remarks about the length of Richard Rhodes's erection remind me of that old joke about why women are so bad at mathematics: "They think this (a four-inch extension of the thumb and forefinger) is nine inches."

In her otherwise correct review of *Making Love* ("The Prisoner of Sex," November 9), Pollitt writes: "Size may not count, but Rhodes lets us know he has a big one." Wrong. Actually, Rhodes said almost the opposite on page 122: "Fully engorged, my penis is 5.5 inches long measured out from the belly.... I've read that five to six inches is the national average."

In fact, Rhodes comes up a little short. According to Kinsey's penis statistics, the length of the average American erection is 6.13 inches for whites and 6.44 inches for blacks.

PHILIP NOBILE
New York, New York
December 21, 1992

Buxom cows

TO THE EDITORS:
Are spiritually progressive aliens likely to kidnap/rape/sermonize *Homo sapiens* ("The Doctor's Plot," by James Gleick, May 30)? As likely as we humans are to pursue physical intimacy with a sea anemone and then give a lecture about not crowding out the sea cucumbers on the neighboring reef. Why would swingers from Alpha Centauri romance ours out of the millions of species of animals on the planet (not including the plants and fungi)? After all, bears (or mosses) are fuzzier, cows are more buxom, and tortoises are more coy.

ANDREW REISNER
Cambridge, Massachusetts
July 4, 1994

Screaming babies

TO THE EDITORS:
Regarding the poll you cite in "Sic Transit" (Notebook, April 3) that found that, of 10,000 Prodigy users, 45 percent said they would rather be seated next to a screaming baby on an airplane than next to "The McLaughlin Group" host John McLaughlin: May authority enter here? I actually have sat next to McLaughlin on a plane, about 17 years ago, and, as a respite from screaming babies, I highly recommend it.

KAY BARRETT
Reading, Massachusetts
May 1, 1995

No cigar

TO THE EDITORS:
Regarding "Ice Queen, Drag Queen," (March 4): Tell Camille Paglia that sometimes a tampon is *just* a tampon.

TERRY KESSEL
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
April 1, 1996

Coincidence?

TO THE EDITORS:
Your cover art for "The Amistad Legacy" (December 22) looked very much like the cover of a porno video I saw recently, titled "Alien Res-erection." Nice job.

RANDY OLSON
Hollywood, California
December 11, 1997

Youth speaks

TO THE EDITORS:
I appreciate your company sending me TNR. If you really want my point of view, happening to be twelve years old, your magazine is boring!! Please, write better things in it. If you don't make this magazine more interesting, I would call you ... *lazy.*

BRIA ANDERSON
Honolulu, Hawaii
November 13, 1999

Who are we?

TO THE EDITORS:
For certain arcane but uncontroversial reasons, I do think that your magazine is not one which contributes much to my well-being. It provides only opinion and no information. And I am not interested in your opinion. Why should *I* be interested in *your* opinion, anyway? Who the hell are you?

JOHN C. HYSORE
Ventura, California
December 4, 1999

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

A Century of Insight

"WITHIN A WEEK of the outbreak of the European War, Sir Edward Grey warned the Austrian Ambassador that it would bring with it a repetition of 1848, and 'many things would be swept away.'... The omens do not point to the general cataclysm that Sir Edward Grey foresaw.... The chances are that the flood will leave Austro-Hungary standing."

—*"Hungary and Independence," February 13, 1915*

"Liberals all over the world can now look forward to the future with increasing confidence.... The Old Régime in Russia, like the Old Régime in France, may require for its eradication a generation of revolutionary unrest.... But whatever these consequences are, they should be accepted without flinching. The Russian bureaucracy was a sordid conspiracy against the welfare of the Russian people and the progress of the world. The price which has to be paid for its final extinction can be paid with a wholehearted sense of value received."

—*"War and Revolution," March 24, 1917*

"[I]t is difficult to see how the Wall Street crash can seriously affect general prosperity or even foretell its fate."

—*"Wall Street and Prosperity," November 6, 1929*

"Unless we are convinced that we know enough to right Europe's wrongs, to distinguish between the good and the bad, and find out who the aggressor is in each case, then it would seem the better part of wisdom to be cautious in dealing with Europe at war.... [H]aving once made a heroic effort to help settle Europe's affairs, without satisfactory results, we might do some good by giving European powers advance notice of just what they may expect when they launch another big war. By staying entirely out of it we shall not be loved any less than we are now, if love be the highest good."

—*"Heat and Light on Neutrality," February 12, 1936*

"A substantial number of liberals and progressives in the United States are rushing with apparent eagerness into a hot controversy with one another about the recent treason trials in Moscow.... But we can see no evidence that civil liberties were so certainly violated in this case as to make a protest on this ground necessary."

—*"Russian Politics in America," February 17, 1937*

"Magazines and newspapers nowadays are filled with articles saying that television has at last come to America. But has it?... Today, in millions of homes, the radio is turned on all day long while the housewife goes about her daily tasks. But television requires that the spectator sit still and look; he can't combine it with other occupations. If you are a workingman, tired after a hard day, would you rather lie down and listen to a radio program of your favorite music or sit up straight and watch a television performance of a few vaudeville acts?"

—*"Ike and Mike on the Air," May 17, 1939*

"Let us suppose that the United States were one among several Latin American countries participating in an agreed arms control scheme directed against Cuba. It is hard to believe that the group would dare to prevent a Soviet ship bearing Czech arms from completing its delivery in Havana harbor."

—*"A Military Embargo of Cuba?" July 18, 1960*

"[T]here is a movement afoot that could alter the shape of American politics, if not in 1972 then by the end of the decade. That movement is the fourth party (counting George Wallace's American Independent Party as the third).... A few weeks ago, liberals and radicals from 25 states met in Albuquerque and laid plans to get themselves listed on every ballot in the union. By the end of the year, a fourth party presidential ticket, aided by a shadow cabinet, will be on the hustings. Among the issues raised will be the joint complicity of Republicans and Democrats in the Vietnam disaster (vide the Pentagon Papers), the indebtedness of both major parties to special monied interests, and the inability of either party to bring about fundamental change.... By the time 1972 is over, a president may have been elected, or reelected, because of what the fourth party does."

—*"Toward '72 and Beyond: Starting a Fourth Party," July 24 & 31, 1971*

"But, in spite of riots, demonstrations, student strikes, and whispered complaints, the Shah seems to be in control of the country. And the country seems reasonably stable as long as he is around."

—*"Iran's Queasy Modernization," June 17, 1978*

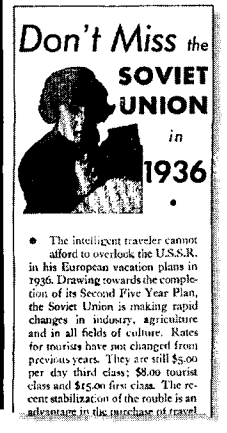
"Chernenko might conceivably have something to offer in the way of alleviating the Soviet Union's chronic problems of public apathy and worker inefficiency. He may not have Andropov's cutting wit and worldly ways, but he has published a number of articles worth perusing. It is highly unlikely that he wrote the articles himself, but his endorsements of somewhat unorthodox views suggest that he might fashion a niche for himself in Russian history."

—*"Chernenko's Turn," March 5, 1984*

"[A] disciplined campaign in which Dole taps into voters' distaste for Clinton while assuring them that he, too, has a modicum of empathy for their plight can simultaneously erode Clinton's support nationally while bolstering his own. Suddenly, a Dole triumph in November is not so hard to imagine after all."

—*"How Bob Dole Can Win," September 2, 1996* ■

ALLAN NADLER: THE MESSIAH OF CROWN HEIGHTS
Why Clinton Can't Win
by Fred Barnes
Why The Democrats Want to Lose
by Sidney Blumenthal


Don't Miss the SOVIET UNION in 1936
• The intelligent traveler cannot afford to overlook the U.S.S.R. in his European vacation plans in 1936. Drawing towards the completion of its Second Five Year Plan, the Soviet Union is making rapid changes in industry, agriculture and in all fields of culture. Rates for tourists have not changed from previous years. They are still $5.00 per day third class; $8.00 tourist class and $15.00 first class. The recent stabilization of the rouble is an advantage in the purchase of travel

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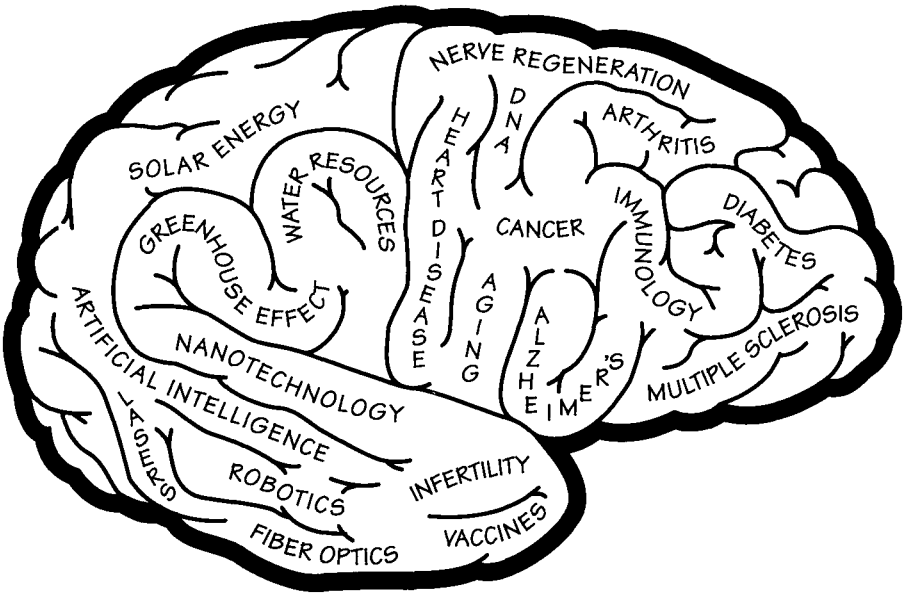

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adapted and directed by Joe Calarco

through January 2

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"MAGNIFICENT! Truly spectacular! A splendid cast and opulent costumes and settings. A highlight of the current season. SEE IT!" Bob Davis, WGMS 103.5

Top: Valerie Leonard and Andrew Long.
Left: Tricia Paoluccio and Gregory Wooddell.
Photos by Carol Rosegg

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Wild Blue Ponder

AMERICA, LOOK ABOVE YOU. Raise your eyes to the sky. Yes, that is the owl of Minerva, all right. It is in full flight, and this is the dusk of a thousand years. A new millennium is about to dawn. The creeping rays of new year's light already limn the contours of an old yet new culture, a culture at peace with itself yet roiling with ferment, almost unrecognizable yet somehow, mysteriously, the same. Who knows what new challenges await humanity this new morning? It is a time to ponder; or, to put it differently, it is a ponderous time.

Looking back over the past 1,000 years—in some ways, it feels almost like yesterday—the lessons are not hard to discern. We have seen so much progress, but who dares overlook the decline? We have gone forward, and we have gone backward. The light at the end of our cultural and social tunnel has too often been not the daylight, but rather a faulty and somewhat dim bulb, crackling in the dark, barely visible beyond the next corner of the tunnel, intimating but never promising an end to this great human journey, this great American journey. (We are struck that "journey" and "journalism" derive from the same root; but then this is a season of such illuminations.) Who switched that light on? A few dreamers and reformers. And who paid for the electricity? That question is best left unanswered. The Marxist answers, certainly, will no longer suffice.

Will the lights eventually go out? Only time will tell. For the bounds of human freedom, while infinitely liberated by the fresh forces of technology, are still shackled by old darknesses and new terrors. For all those who have been emboldened and empowered by our new Internet age, many more remain unconnected, unaware, unplugged, undone. The modem connects so many to so many; but there are vast precincts of this gorgeous, blighted planet where there is no dial tone. Or there is a dial tone, but it is used for evil; and the anxious pause at the end of the line is the beginning of resentment, which is the beginning of revolution! It is a short distance from the smashed windows of downtown Seattle to the gleaming cubicles at Microsoft headquarters in Redmond, Washington, but what a universe of hopelessness lies in between. Only connect, the novelist pleaded, but these days we prefer links to connections, contacts to connections—anything but a living, breathing, dialogic response to the imploring eyes that flash across all the screens of our minds as we take up the clickers of our consciences. We must do more. We must ensure that the service is responding, that the URL has not already been taken, that the mailgate is open and the browser unmoored. In this protean, irredentist, pseudo-transgendered e-future, we will either surf together or none of us will surf in peace.

This, of course, requires leadership, and we are not afraid to call for more of it. And more still. There is no substitute for moral leadership in all things at all times. All it takes for evil to flourish, remember, is for big shots to do nothing. And we need bigger men and women with bigger thoughts to seize the big moment and rise to the big occasion. The very oceans are expanding; what untold perils lurk beneath the sublime surface? The earth has been entrusted to us: poor, beautiful earth. Still, the charge is ours to keep. The younger generation seems all too prone to the fads of the hour—no, of the nanosecond. The older generation has lost the will to take charge and wallows in the post-Orwellian arithmetic of Social Security and Medicare. Who will summon us back to ourselves?

This is a millennium awash in money; but we must insist that money, too, is not the answer. Spiritually speaking, all money is soft money. And our current economic boom is a tide that may flow back, bringing all those boats that rose with it simpering back to shore. Who then will guide us safely to a new American harbor, through the choppy waves of the new global economy, past the roiling storms of ancient hatreds, under the new bridge to the twenty-first century? There is an obvious choice—has there ever been a greater vice president in the history of this shining, hurting republic?—but, beyond him, we at THE NEW REPUBLIC do not know for sure. The uncertainty in which we live makes Samuel Beckett seem like Morrie. Still, we are already embarked, and since 1914 we have sailed our ship as best we can, tacking left and sometimes right, but always into the wind: it is the very stuff of this millennial moment. The future beckons. The past warns. And the present chuckles. ■

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NOTEBOOK 2000

TNR'S MOST LOPSIDED POLL RESULTS OF THE MILLENNIUM

❶ Huns Out of Mongolia! (89%)

❷ Inquisition: Bad for the Jews (87%)

❸ Archduke Ferdinand Must Go (87%)

❹ Free Mumia (85%)

❺ Anne Boleyn: Off With Her Head! (82%)

❻ Bulls in Four (81%)

❼ Less Filling (77%)

❽ "There's Something About Mary": Surprisingly Funny (76%)

❾ "Sharp-Dressed Man," ZZ Top (74%)

❿ Fine, Let Us Eat Cake (73%)

We wish to thank the following people for their contributions to TNR's millennial coverage: Gregg Easterbrook, Mark Katz, David Plotz, Todd Pruzan, Frank Cammuso, and Hart Seely.

WORST WAYS TO RING IN THE MILLENNIUM:

Catacomb Project: "Have a great time at the 'world's largest lock-in'. . . . On the eve of the Year 2000, all across the country, teenagers will be down in the 'catacombs' (church basements, retreat centers, or whatever space lends itself to transformation for the event). They will enter into a simulation of the times that gave rise to John's coded message of perseverance and hope to persecuted Christians so long ago." (*www.catacombproject.com*)

Dublin, Ireland: "A giant digital sunken clock is already ticking down the seconds to the third millennium beneath the murky waters of the River Liffey. The clock will erupt in fireworks at the stroke of midnight on the last day of 1999." (*www.earthportals.com*)

Pause for Peace: "[T]he insertion of a PAUSE and a collective thought for Peace in a city's countdown of the last seconds of the Millennium . . . i.e. 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, PEACE, 1, Happy New Millennium." (*www.pauseforpeace.org*)

All One Tribe Foundation, Taos, New Mexico: "On the stroke of midnight in the final time zone, when the year 2000 has arrived everywhere on the planet, there will be one hour of simultaneous drumming. 'As we drum, we are one' will be sung in many languages around the world during this intensive, conscious hour." (*www.allonetribedrum.com*)

Sebring, Florida: "Bowling's Bookstore, Millennium Bowling Products, and the Kegel Co. have joined forces to present the Y2K Instructional Bowling Clinic on November 5–7 at the Kegel Training Facility in Sebring, Fla." (*Bowling Digest*)

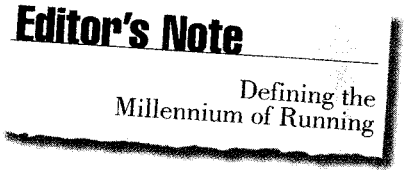
Chicago, Illinois: "NORTH SHORE JEWISH SINGLES: Discussion regarding the millennium; 7:30 p.m. Dec. 26; North Shore, throughout the northern suburbs, Northbrook." (*Chicago Tribune*)

FROM THE FOURTH ESTATE:

"Knit in the New Millennium" (*Vogue Knitting*)
"Hottest Millennium Hair" (*First for Women*)
"Get 21st Century Sexy" (*New Woman*)
"The Feminist Century: Was it good for you too?" (*Ms.*)

High Times

Deer



Running Times

DEEPEST THOUGHTS ON THE MILLENNIUM:

"My vision for the millennium is a migratory peace tribe that moves around North America, visiting the North during the summer and the South during the winter." —Steven Hager, Editor-in-Chief, *High Times*

"We're heading into a goddess time, as any mystic worth her salt will tell you." —Catherine Veronica Cash, resident astrologer, *Mode*

WORST LISTS:

Top Ten Canadian Newsmakers of the Twentieth Century *(The Canadian Press organization)*

Best Dogs of the Millennium *(Guiding Eyes for the Blind, Yorktown Heights, New York)*

Kofi Annan's Ten Greatest Men of the Millennium *(BBC)*

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WORST MILLENNIUM FICTION:

"They did not understand that the woman screaming in Helsinki was not doing so out of crazy joy. She held her collapsed father while an outdoor symphony played into the freezing night. He clutched his chest, unaware that the tiny chip inside his pacemaker had stopped functioning when 2000 arrived. An ambulance might have shown up to help, but Helsinki's emergency dispatch system was dead. Newer model ambulances would not start. Hospitals lost power. A few people gathered to help the woman and her poor father, but they could do little for a stopped pacemaker. Crowds nearby continued feasting on reindeer steaks. . . ."

—*Y2K: It's Already Too Late*, by Jason Kelly, published by Jason Kelly Press, Los Angeles

WORST MILLENNIUM SPIRITUALITY:

"I appeal to you the reader to ensure that you make the rest of your life as meaningful as possible. . . . Relinquish your envy, let go your desire to triumph over others. Instead, try to benefit them. . . . [W]elcome others with a smile. Be straightforward. . . Consider yourself a tourist."

—*Ethics for the New Millennium* by his Holiness the Dalai Lama

"The 99th Surah of the Holy Qur'an is titled, 'The Shaking.' When prefixed by the Number 19, we get the final chronological year of this 20th Century. As we prepare to enter into the New Millennium, the phenomenal signs of destruction, chaos, and death are occurring with ever increasing frequency in this final year and truly answers to the condition of our times and The Shaking of a Great Magnitude."

—"Unveiling the Number 19," by Tynnetta Muhammad, *The Final Call*, December 8, 1999

"[T]he Conservative Ocean Parkway Jewish Center's Mr. & Mrs. Club is inviting members to

TNR'S TOP TEN GANGS OF THE MILLENNIUM

1. Crips
2. Straussians
3. Capital Gang
4. Jets
5. Duke University English department
6. Sharks
7. Eight-Trey Locos
8. ...of Four
9. Roundheads
10. Spanish Armada

VINT'S MILLENNIUM

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TNR'S TOP THREE STATES OF WATER OF THE MILLENNIUM

❶ Liquid

❷ Ice

❸ Vapor

TNR'S TOP THREE GEOLOGICAL ROCK CLASSIFICATIONS OF THE MILLENNIUM

❶ Metamorphic

❷ Sedimentary

❸ Igneous

'Come celebrate the millennium ... dance the night away to the music of Johnny Lane and his orchestra and enjoy a terrific chicken dinner.' However, when Brooklyn synagogue's Rabbi Gerald Meister heard about it, he was livid. 'I will absolutely forbid it. It's not a millennium. The state of Jewry everywhere is pure anarchy. It's disgusting.'"

—*The Jewish Week*, New York

"After Rabbi Joel Goor's lecture series on 'Millennium madness' at the liberal Metropolitan Synagogue in Midtown, he issued a written statement: 'Rabbi Goor warns that he will not be in Manhattan for the event itself... He is escaping to the quiet of the snow covered mountains of Aspen, Colorado."

—*The Jewish Week*

OUR CONTESTED MILLENNIUM:

"AS THE CENTURY ENDS WE ARE RICHER, WE LIVE LONGER AND WE EVEN HAVE BETTER WEATHER"

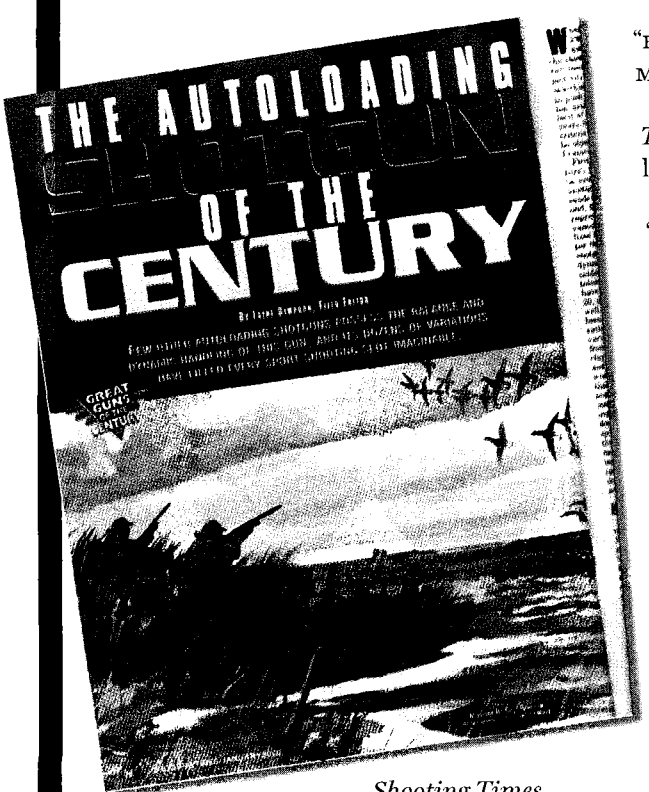
—*The Herald* (Glasgow), November 12, 1999

"A CENTURY OF BAD WEATHER"

—*The Daily Oklahoman*, October 29, 1999

"BABY ZOOM: THE RACE IS ON TO CONCEIVE MILLENNIUM'S FIRST BABY"

—*Denver Rocky Mountain News*, April 6, 1999



Shooting Times

"FEW PLANNING FOR MILLENNIUM BABIES"

—*The Southland Times* (New Zealand), April 9, 1999

"U.S. FAR BEHIND ON SOLVING MILLENNIUM BUG PROBLEM"

—*Agence France Presse*, August 2, 1998

"COMPUTER MILLENNIUM BUG LIKELY TO CAUSE SMALL DISRUPTIONS IN U.S."

—*Agence France Presse*, February 18, 1999

"COMPUTER 'MILLENNIUM BUG' IS A PROBLEM OF THE NATIONAL SECURITY OF RUSSIA"

—*The Russian Business Monitor*, January 15, 1999

"MILLENNIUM BUG IS NO THREAT TO RUSSIAN INTELLIGENCE"

—*Tass*, March 24, 1999

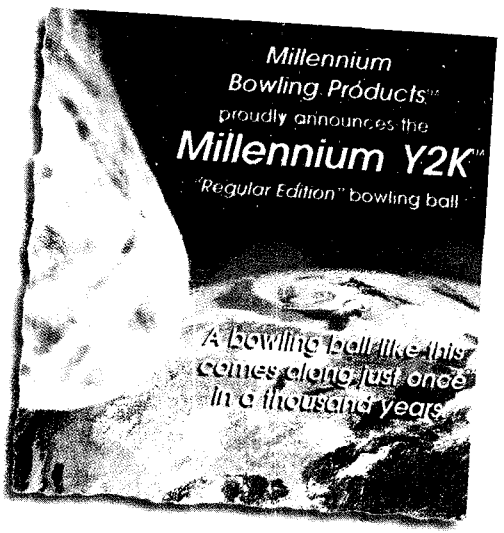
WORST MILLENNIUM PRODUCTS:

Millennium Second: "This is a chance for you to have one of the last seconds of 1999 or the first seconds of the new millennium named after you! Just think, the entire world will experience a moment in time that has been named specifically in your honor. Everything2000 is making arrangements for you to have a specific second between December 31, 1999, and January 1, 2000, named in your honor. You will be recognized as the sole registrant of that second and no one else in the world can make that same claim." *(From everything2000)*

Millennium Ice Cube: Crafted from chunks of ice at least 1,000 years old and gathered from Greenland. Ice's authenticity guaranteed by the Danish government. Says Ice Box Managing Director Philip Hughes, "This is the perfect ice cube for millennium celebrations." *(From The Ice Box)*

Millennium Princess Barbie: "Even the world's most famous doll needs to be prepared for the year 2000—and Barbie plans to ring in the Millennium in grand style.... This special Millennium edition doll comes with a beautiful keepsake disco-style ball, ornamented with a ribbon printed with 'Happy New Year 2000.'" *(From Mattel)*

Millennium Midnight Mass Collector Knife (From the Home Shopping Network: Item #148816, $29.50)



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IT ONLY GETS BETTER

YEAR 2000

Survivalists retreat to hills, power fails, phone lines go dead, computers freeze, and trains crash after Buffalo Bills win Super Bowl. Al Gore withdraws from presidential race when it is revealed he once accepted free airline upgrade. George W. Bush defeats Reform Party candidate Regis Philbin and at inaugural promises: "A country we can all be—hold that a little closer for me, will you?—proud of."

YEARS 2001–2010

North and South China go to war in dispute over breathing rituals; joint Israeli-Syrian peacekeeping force intervenes. NASA finally lands probe on Mars, discovers it is really cold and lonely there.

YEARS 2011–2020

Scientists insert genes from tomatoes, onions, and limes into corn, resulting in a taco chip that does not need to be dipped.

YEARS 2021–2030

George L. Bush, son of George W. Bush, becomes first grandson of a president to be elected president. Ambushed in interview, George L. cannot name any state capital but correctly identifies Nobel laureate for literature, Karen Finley. Bill Clinton, chairman and CEO of Fox Babe Channel, dies peacefully in Venice, California, beach house; Hillary Rodham Trump issues no comment.

YEARS 2041–2050

Nonsurgical, near-instantaneous sex change is achieved, using genetically tailored hormone analog doses; prom nights and college dorm parties become living hells.

YEARS 2061–2070

George F. "Judy" Bush, child of George L. Bush, becomes fourth George Bush to hold U.S. presidency. Denies rumors of sex-transformation revelry at Yale and at inaugural declares, "I believe very strongly in—why can't they adjust that hologram so it's easier to read?—very strongly in . . . I guess it looks like 'America.'"

YEARS 2071–2080

Duke University department of English falls under sway of "destructionism," which maintains that anything not written by literary critics must be physically destroyed. Researchers merge rice, spinach, and salmon chromosomes, creating complete dinner that can be either grown or caught.

YEARS 2091–2100

The New York Times Magazine publishes first of 520 planned, consecutive, turn-of-the-century special issues building up to year 2100, each featuring extra column by Max Frankel.

TWENTY-SECOND CENTURY

George H., George F., and George R. Bush elected president; George R. proclaims at his inaugural that "the spirit of our settlers in the Proxima Centauri system is the spirit that—the spirit that—jeez, you'd think they could put a little more volume into the telepathy link."

TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY

The Jewish millennium arrives. Polls find little has changed in 6,000 years: majority of Jews still think the service is too slow.

TWENTY-FOURTH CENTURY

Researchers discover gene that causes people to say "you know" and declare it a federally protected handicap. Space aliens complain of long lines to get a visa to visit Earth.

TWENTY-SEVENTH CENTURY

THE NEW REPUBLIC enjoys first year of profitability.

TWENTY-NINTH CENTURY

George Z. Bush serves as last president of United States. In final address from White House, Bush declares, "Man, it's been a great run; there's never been a greater country than the United—c'mon, you guys know I can't grok clearly unless you tightbeam it to my neocortex—the United, OK, States, yeah, that's it."

THIRTIETH CENTURY

Peace, prosperity, immortality. From larger historical perspective, it has been a millennium of triumph, although a few traditionalists continue to object to fact that everyone's thoughts are now owned by Microsoft Viacom Disney NationsBank Inc., now known as the Orwell Group.

TNR'S TOP TWO TYPES OF WATER FAUCET OF THE MILLENNIUM

❶ Cold

❷ Hot

TNR'S TOP TWO VARIETIES OF PEANUT BUTTER OF THE MILLENNIUM

❶ Chunky

❷ Smooth*

*Indistinguishable from "creamy" or "regular."

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TNR'S TOP TEN STAIN-REMOVAL TIPS OF THE MILLENNIUM

❶

Never scrub or brush a stain. You may set it for good.

❷

Purchase stain-resistant fabrics, such as those treated with Scotch-Guard.

❸

Immediately blot liquid stains as soon as possible, using a soft, white, absorbent material, such as a towel or napkin.

❹

For water-soluble stains, apply solution of one-half teaspoon mild detergent to one pint water.

❺

Scream, "Out, damn spot, out!" Repeat as necessary.

❻

Remember: Stain removal techniques for red wine also work for coffee.

❼

Appease Couzay, the Inca god of textiles, with a ritualistic sacrifice of pagan virgins into the mouth of a volcano. Repeat as necessary.

❽

Before applying any solution, test it on an inconspicuous part of the fabric.

❾

An ounce of prevention: Don't wear light-colored silks to an Italian restaurant or on a crusade.

❿

See chapter six of "I Want to Tell You" by O.J. Simpson.

(WHAT THE CALENDAR INDUSTRY DOESN'T WANT US TO KNOW)

When the giant ball falls at 12:00 a.m. on January 1, will your children's shouts of jubilation give way to cries of horror?

Will you and your loved ones leap into a bright new millennium or tumble into the dark, menacing past? For many Americans, the sad truth is that there will be no change of year, no turn of the century—no New Year's Day. That's because, at 12:00 a.m. on January 1, nearly all printed calendars nationwide—whether they hang on walls, cover desktops, or fit on wallet cards with photos of insurance agents—will abruptly cease to operate.

Don't let this nightmare happen to you!

STEVE McCRACKEN

Ensure your family's safety with the *Y2Ktel Home Calendar Upgrade*, the definitive new book from the folks who brought you the *Home Lightbulb Transplant Kit*. You'll learn to take charge of the future and stick it to the calendar fat cats who would take your hard-earned money and leave you in the twentieth century.

Here's what their fine print doesn't say:

Soon, millions of business and personal calendars will have to be replaced or painstakingly upgraded for Y2K compatibility. With yearly event-planners costing up to $19.95 retail per item, the price tag for replacing this generation of antiquated scheduling tools will bankrupt countless households and could even plunge the U.S. economy into recession. Yet our political leaders, most of whom receive donations from the calendar lobby, sit idly on their hands and do nothing.

But Y2Ktel—the established leader in home calendar repair—is on your side!

Don't miss important dates in the coming year because your calendar let you down. Don't sink good money into a twelve-month planner that will be obsolete in just one year! DON'T LET THE CALENDAR COMPANIES TELL YOU WHAT DAY IT IS!

Take control with the *Y2Ktel Home Calendar Upgrade*, only $29.95. Order now. There may be no tomorrow.

Now is the time to examine every calendar in your home or business for Y2K compatibility. Here's how:

✔ Remove the calendar from your locker wall or refrigerator and locate the annum number code. Usually, this four-digit figure appears on the cover, near the name of a month. (Example: January 1999.) In cases where the publisher has supplemented the product with pictures of vivid sunsets or bikini-clad supermodels, or with fascinating trivia about the New York Giants, this sequence of numerals may be hard to find. Don't give up!

✔ After locating the annum number code, check the first two digits, moving from left to right. If they are "1-9," your calendar is not Y2K compliant and must be replaced or upgraded immediately. Do not under any circumstances attempt to use this calendar after December 31, 1999!

✔ On Y2K-compliant calendars, the annum number code begins with the digits "2-0," followed by a string of two more zeros, "0-0." (Example: 2000.)

Complicated? That's what the calendar geeks want you to believe. But, with the **Y2Ktel Home Calendar Upgrade**, numbering next year's days is as easy as 1-2-3!

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DATENIGHT 2000
☆STARRING PETE PERIL☆
©1999 MARK ALAN STAMATY
LOTS OF AMERICANS WOULD STAY HOME ON MILLENNIUM EVE. BUT COWARDICE AIN'T MY STYLE. I PICKED UP MY DATE AT NINE.
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR SLEEVE, PETE?
A MILLENNIAL TERRORIST AMBUSH. THEY ONLY NICKED ME.
I'D MADE RESERVATIONS AT A CHICHI RESTAURANT ON THE EAST SIDE, BUT...
KA-BOOM!
GOOD THING WE'RE RUNNING LATE.
IT'S JUST AS WELL. THAT PLACE WAS A LITTLE TEN-MINUTES-AGO ANYWAY.
WE GRABBED SOME SUSHI-TO-GO AND CAUGHT A CAB TO THE BIG EVENT.
MEADOWLANDS STADIUM PRESENTS:
SATAN AND HIS ARMAGEDDON ARMY BAND
THE SHOW STARTED OFF WITH THE EVIL ONE KNOCKING OUT A FEW BOBBY VINTON HITS HE'D MEMORIZED OFF THE P.A. SYSTEM IN HELL.
ROSES ARE RED, MY ♪ LOVE...
AT MIDNIGHT, THE LIGHTS WENT OUT, AIRPLANES BEGAN FALLING FROM THE SKY, NUCLEAR MISSILES COULD BE HEARD IN THE DISTANCE BLOWING OUT POWER PLANTS. THEN SATAN SHOUTED:
FORCES OF EVIL, ARISE! ATTACK!
SUDDENLY, HORDES OF DOOMSDAY WARRIORS ROSE TO THEIR FEET, BRANDISHING INSTRUMENTS OF DEATH.
I HAD TO THINK FAST. LEAPING ONTO THE STAGE, I GRABBED THE MIKE.
HOLD IT, EVERYONE! STOP THE INSANITY! INSTEAD OF BLOODSHED, HOW ABOUT...
A POETRY SLAM?!
SATAN GRUNTED. I STARED HIM DOWN.
WHAT'S WRONG? YOU SCARED OF A LITTLE EMOTIONAL RISK?!
UM...
I HAD HIM OFF GUARD.
WHADDAYASAY?!
(WORLDWIDE SILENCE.)
...UM... O.K.
THE SLAM WENT ON PAST DAWN. SATAN WAS THE LAST TO PERFORM.
...EVIL USED TO THRILL ME... IT'S TRUE. BUT INFINITE EVIL... BORES ME TO TEARS!
HE BROKE DOWN. HE'D SURPRISED HIMSELF. THE CROWD CHEERED.
AFTERWARDS, SATAN WAS EUPHORIC.
THAT FELT GREAT! LET'S DO IT AGAIN!
IT BECAME A HALLMARK OF THE NEW MILLENNIUM...
TAVERN
SATAN'S POETRY SLAM EVERY THURSDAY 8 P.M.
...AND IT STIRRED A FOND MEMORY IN US.
OUR FIRST DATE!

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One man's struggle.

Wait Till Next Year

By KEVIN GUILFOILE

October 13, 1997

I'm sure it was just an honest mistake, but, in Sunday's provocative story on heightening religious tensions in Jerusalem, you referred to January 1, 2000, as the start of the "next millennium." Of course, there is no "year zero," so the millennium actually begins on January 1, 2001. I know, as the nation's "paper of record," you'll want to correct this before other newspapers follow your lead.

Kevin Guilfoile
Chicago, Illinois

April 7, 1998

In an otherwise excellent article on the so-called Y2K problem, you referred to it, on second reference, as the "millennium bug." The Y2K computer glitch will (or will not) wreak its havoc on January 1, 2000, but, as I'm sure you're aware, the actual millennium will not begin until January 1, 2001. Unless you want to be responsible for the first 999-year millennium in history, please be more vigilant in the future.

Kevin Guilfoile
Chicago, Illinois

September 22, 1999

I was saddened to learn that Janet Maslin, your excellent film critic, will be retiring from *The New York Times*. Her sensitive and insightful reviews will be sorely missed for the rest of this millennium and well into the next one, which, despite your paper's insistence to the contrary, DOES NOT BEGIN FOR ANOTHER 15 MONTHS!

Kevin Guilfoile
Chicago, Illinois

December 6, 1999

Am I the only person in America who has not gone completely insane? Yet *another* Sunday-magazine cover perpetuating the lie that the third millennium begins on January 1? Why not green light a story on how Kathleen Willey invented the cotton gin? Maybe I'll just sign this letter "Mr. Milla Jovovich." If it appears in *The New York Times*, it must be true.

Mr. Milla Jovovich
Chicago, Illinois

March 15, 2000

The New York Times' reputation as the standard bearer of journalistic excellence is compromised by your persistent use of the phrase "first of the millennium" ("first baby of the millennium," "first spring training of the millennium," etc.). Actually, these are the *last* happenings of the millennium. Your attempts to acknowledge the truth while still indulging in this hysteria (as in a recent editorial that designated January 1, 2001, as the start of the "calendar millennium") are pathetic. It has occurred to me that perhaps the *Times* was seduced by the year 2000 because of its sexy shorthand: Y2K. Therefore, I am suggesting an equally appealing abbreviation for the real millennium: 2MI (pronounced "two-em-eye"). With the endorsement of *The New York Times*, perhaps "2MI mania" will catch on nationwide.

Kevin Guilfoile
Chicago, Illinois

June 6, 2000

Jack Hitt's article "Sigh, 2K: Getting On With Our Boring Post-millennial Lives" has convinced me I was wrong. It wasn't just a cute nickname that enticed the nation to follow your editorial staff onto the careening Y2K bandwagon. It was also widespread uncertainty and the threat of global catastrophe. The Y2K computer glitch gave cinematic suspense and excitement to life in 1999 that seemed destined to reach climax not at the end of another year but at the start of a new epoch. Therefore, I've created a little Y2K plot device of my own for the last half of this year. I call it "my 2MI problem and yours." At midnight on January 1, 2001, I may or may not blow up *The New York Times* or something very dear to it, such as Wendy Wasserstein.

Kevin Guilfoile
Chicago, Illinois

December 29, 2000

I'm sure it was just an honest mistake, but I wish to correct an error contained in your recent article "Militant Calendar Millennialist in Custody After ATF Firefight." First, I did not, as stated in your story, "fire on federal agents without provocation." If you watch the FBI video from day eleven, a federal agent can be clearly heard yelling, "Give it up, Mille-feuille—you're gonna spend the next millennium behind bars!" This was hyperbole, of course. Moreover, I am not a pastry. By that point, I had released the hostages and, in terms of jail time, was looking at a duodecennium to a quindecennium at the most. The agent's gross exaggeration was intended to be hurtful. Nevertheless, I am sorry for the injuries he and the other agents sustained, particularly the three whom I blinded with lye (*lye2K*!). I have sent each of them a copy of Ted Kaczynski and Naomi Wolf's delightful audio book *Getting in Touch With Your Inner Emma Goldman*. I hope it provides the same cheer to their respective intensive-care units as it has to mine.

Kevin Guilfoile
Marion, Illinois

ROBERT NEUBECKER

KEVIN GUILFOILE is a Chicago writer.

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The unforgiving minute.
For Posterity

By NEAL POLLACK

As we contemplated what people a thousand years from now might want to know about us, a question naturally arose: what's missing from our picture of the world a thousand years ago? One answer was obvious: a sense of the experience of everyday life—the sights, sounds and sensations that time washes away almost instantly. For the Times Capsule, we set out to document the texture of life today, at least in a single place at a single moment. And so, on Sept. 9, 1999, at 9:09 a.m., a moment chosen strictly for its symmetry, more than a hundred writers, photographers, artists, sound recordists, filmmakers and students fanned out across the five boroughs to document a single minute—the same minute—in the life of New York. They came back with a mosaic of 60 ordinary seconds that will, we hope, last a millennium.

—The New York Times Magazine, December 5, 1999

Last week, a question arose: How can I make money off the millennium? One answer was obvious: I would gather evidence of ordinary life, as lived by ordinary Americans, and sell the results as a magazine article. So I sent out e-mail messages asking people what they were doing at a particular minute in time; for no reason, none at all, I chose December 10, 1999, 3:27 p.m. I told people not to worry about time-zone differences. One 3:27, I figured, was as good as another. The following documents the texture of life today as lived in 60 ordinary seconds by whomever answered my query. They comprise the most beautiful of beautiful mosaics. They will linger and serve as a lasting testament. They will earn me a few hundred bucks.

ROSE BECALLO RANEY, an engineering firm, Oak Ridge, Tennessee. While waiting for my document, "Automatic Lifting Device II Design Documentation," to print, I tell Cathy Haskell, a graphic artist, about the commercial I saw in *Vogue* magazine that shows a three-page foldout spread of a beautiful woman sleeping luxuriously, wearing nothing but a watch. The ad reads, "Be late." Then Cathy remembers an ad showing an intricate throw pillow with elaborate Indian embroidery that says, DROOL ON SOMETHING TASTEFUL.

REGINA ALLEN, "my friend Paula's kitchen," Chicago, Illinois. Paula and I are looking into her living- and dining-room combo at the brass firewood holder that her parents have sent to her and her husband for Christmas. I note that it matches the fire-tending set she has on the opposite side of the fireplace. She responds that they came from the same store in Minneapolis. I wonder if the logs will scratch the brass, but I say nothing to Paula, not wanting to worry her.

NEAL POLLACK is a staff writer at *The Chicago Reader*.

MORGAN PHILLIPS, 338 E. 15th Street, Manhattan. My girlfriend wants me to walk with her to the authentic-buffalo-wings place. I feel that I should wait in my apartment, since the UPS man's third and final visit is scheduled to happen at any moment. She says it would be fine if I didn't come with her. I reply that I'll come, that I don't mind, but that if I miss the UPS man it will be her fault.

TED ROSE, "a quaint townhouse office near Dupont Circle," Washington, D.C. This is my new therapist talking: "First, I put three koi in the pond in the backyard, but then they started to breed! They're big vegetarians, you know, and they'll eat everything in sight." I am sitting on his tan sofa, gazing first at his precious brass barometer hanging on the wall to my left, then at his precious oil painting of Lake Powell to my right. Other patients have told my therapist they don't want to have a conversation, they just want to talk about themselves. I am thinking about them as he continues to talk about his fish.

REBECCA SCHOENKOPF, the apartment of porn star Candy Apples, Huntington Beach, California. Natalie, a cute-yet-plain 19-year-old strawberry blonde, has slept on this couch for two months in exchange for housekeeping and watching two pit bulls belonging to Candy and her husband, Bill. While we smoke, Natalie tells me this guy she likes lives in a rehab facility and he's almost 30—like 27, maybe. Natalie doesn't really know what she wants to do with her life, but she's thinking about getting into movies. Bill says, "She's pretty into free love. She picked up a guy at the liquor store and screwed him! Dude, if you're gonna do that, you might as well get paid for it!"

DANNY COLLIER, office, Washington, D.C. My wife, Lucy, in Moscow, has a bad cold and her voice is smoky. On the phone, I ask her to buy a copy of the rock band Kino's *Ruler of Kamchatka* album for me. She says she will but that she has to get out of the bathtub to find a pen.

ELLEN SIMON, Saks Fifth Avenue, State Street, Santa Barbara, California. A woman whom everyone in line seems to know cuts in front of me while I'm purchasing a Kate Spade black-nylon wallet. She just shoves her Prada key chain at the salesperson and says, "I'll take this."

LYNDA SHADRAKE, "waiting at a red light at East and Lake," Oak Park, Illinois. My children are in the middle seat of the minivan arguing over the correct pronunciation of a Pokémon character. We finally agree to look it up in *The Official Pokémon Handbook*. High school students stroll by. Some are blatantly smoking cigarettes. I hope my children don't notice. They do. I find myself joining in a chorus of "Jingle bells, Batman smells, Robin laid an egg. . . ." The light changes. We move on.

KRISTIN CASSIDY, a coffee shop on Avenue A, Manhattan. A math major at New York University, the creator of Microsoft Passport, a philosophy professor at Brooklyn College, and I are playing spades. I think about this fine man

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named John who gives his mother money every week. He has got a piece of God in him. Then I run out of cigarettes.

Troy body, a lodge, Cedar Lakes, West Virginia. Journal entry: "I can't believe I am sitting here listening to these people talk about putting computers in public schools. I am sure this is serious business and important, but not to me. I have always wanted to be a reporter. I talked to Elizabeth yesterday about moving me to the press office. I would rather be a press secretary for the governor than this. I don't know how many more meetings I am expected to attend where I sit and do not participate. I think about poor Bo. I wonder what were the things he had hoped to accomplish and put off until later. Now, for Bo, there is no later."

Jennifer la cassella, graduate students' computer lab, Arizona State University, Tempe. My fiancé, who lives in Mexico City, has written me to say that he's made a dentist appointment for one day during the two weeks that I'll be visiting him over the holidays. He wants to know if I want him to cancel it or if I want to go with him. Of course, the only reason he bothers to ask about this was because I had told him previously that, since this will be the first time that I've ever been to Mexico City, I want to see samples of real life, not tourist attractions. Granted, going to the dentist is a part of daily life, but I would prefer to see something else.

Gina fattore, "Dawson's Creek" production office, Los Angeles. I am:

- trying to decide whether it's in character for Dawson to drop film class
- hoping the costume designer will not put Andie in her "crazy coat" for the touching fourth-act scene I have constructed specifically to make her seem less crazy
- wishing I had worn tights with this skirt

John edwards and rebecca lowell, driving down West Broadway on the way to the Columbia Mall, Columbia, Missouri. We cross Stadium Boulevard, and in the mini-mall on the right there is a Petco Supplies & Fish store.

Becky: Petco Supplies & Fish? What's with the "& Fish"?

John: I guess they sell supplies and they sell fish.

Becky: But why not Petco Supplies & Birds?

John: Maybe they don't sell birds.

Peter o'toole, U.S. Department of Energy, Room 7A-145, Washington, D.C.

Red Smithsonian!

From my window, behind the rain.

The phone is ringing. ■

Corn in the Balance

We are still here—I mean we Europeans, but also those descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers and the Spanish conquistadors—because of beans."

—"Best Invention; How the Bean Saved Civilization," by Umberto Eco, *The New York Times Magazine*, April 18, 1999

Greatest invention of the millennium? There is no shortage of candidates: the computer, penicillin, the toupee, the airplane—all had profound societal ramifications. None, however, has packed quite the punch of the nacho.

True, nachos have their limitations. They won't take you from Akron to Zurich in eleven-and-a-half hours. Then again, nachos aren't prone to inexplicably exploding in midair, either. As for their benefits, it is hard to know where to begin. For one thing, they are affordable. Most of the world's population will never own a computer, wear a toupee, or fly in an airplane. However, most places in the world can grow some version of corn, then fry it into a chip-like format. Ditto for melted cheese. (Producing penicillin may be beyond the mental faculties of the average Joe, but melting things isn't.)

What's more, in contrast to other snack foods like Rolos or Life Savers or Doublemint gum, which lend themselves to a "keeping score" mentality—as in, "Remember that stick of gum I gave you?"—nachos promote sharing. The various sizes of nacho chips and the serendipitous melted-cheese distribution on said chips make divvying them up an inexact science. Thus, one can enjoy them without fear of future retribution or guilt.

In its universal, cross-cultural appeal, the nacho shares many of the features of its distant biological cousin: cocaine. Both connote a "south of the border" vibe. But both actually rely on two cultures (First World and Third World) working together, overcoming geographic and cultural boundaries and identifying and satisfying each other's needs. Both have risen from humble beginnings. Coca leaves were consumed by cheap laborers and slaves to keep them going during long days in high altitudes. Nachos are a derivative of the wild grass we call corn, which for centuries was considered the least-expensive way to fill the bellies of exploited laborers.

Both crops have since given rise to highly profitable, truly global industries. But there the similarity ends. The cocaine trade is evil and illegal and has caused untold scores of overdoses and homicides. There are, by contrast, only a half-dozen violent nacho-related incidents on record.

No, rather than an instrument of division, nachos are the glue that unites us—bringing together men, women, and children across continents and cultures. Could you get most folks to wear a kilt? Dance a jig? Put a plate in their lower lip? Doubtful. But bring up nachos and suddenly everyone wants a place at the same table, the nacho table of peace—at least until someone tries to double-dip.

Jeff Johnson

Jeff Johnson is the music editor at *Jane* and a contributor to *McSweeney's* and the *Minus Times*.

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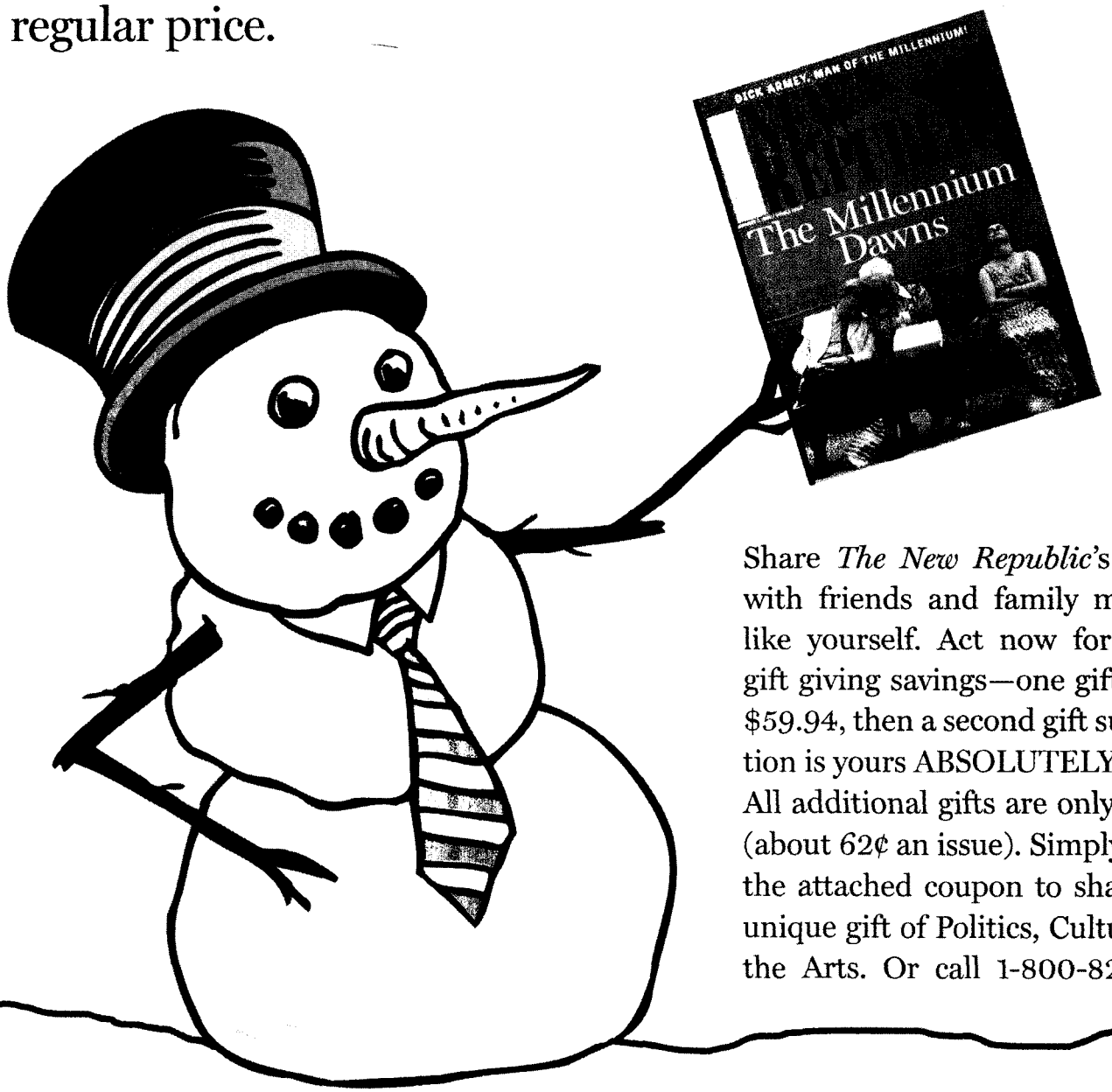

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IT WAS A MILLENNIUM OF DREAMERS AND SEEKERS, SOLDIERS AND SAINTS. AND, ACROSS THE VAST EXPANSE, ONE DAZZLING VISION SHONE THROUGH HISTORY'S MISTS: ONE TAX RATE FOR ALL.

THE MAN WHO SOUNDED THE CALL, WHO CONQUERED THE DARKNESS:

Richard Keith Armey

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By Nancy Glibbs

He was born where Main meets First, in a small town on the Great Plains, with 50 miles of loneliness on either side. The town was named Cando. They pronounced it "can do." And that is only fitting, for what have the last 1,000 years been if not the Can-do Millennium, the ten triumphant centuries during which we cast off the gloom of the Dark Ages and built a new world out of brains and grit and hope? We can do. And we did.

Most of all, *he* did. This has been a millennium of giants, and here, at the cusp of 2000, we stand on their shoulders, humbled. Moliere and Shakespeare taught us to laugh; Einstein and Kant taught us to think; Aquinas and Maimonides taught us to pray; John John and Princess Diana taught us to mourn. And he? What did he do? The great poet A.E. Housman wrote of him, "A man sees the world as it is / A great man sees the world as it ought to be / But he—he makes it so." And so he has. With his cartwheeling intellect and generous heart; with his revolutionary brain and conservative gut; with his open arms and closed mouth; with his steely tactical genius and soft, enfolding warmth; with his giant soul and can-do, Cando spirit; this epoch has belonged to Richard Keith "Dick" Armey, The New Republic's Man of the Millennium.

One cold night many years ago, when his hope was flagging and despair gnawed at his soul, Dick Armey walked past Cando's Main Street to where the asphalt says howdy to the prairie and where there is no friend of man but a barbed-wire fence. The future seemed as blank as the night sky. He looked around and saw aluminum signs glinting in the moonlight. foreclosed, they read, tax sale. He wandered past the old King estate, forfeited to inheritance taxes. He looked and looked, and on those ravaged plains he glimpsed his destiny: the cause of liberty wherever it is found. From this path he has not wavered; with this sword he has remade our world.

Last year, a great twentieth-century philosopher tried to explain Dick Armey. "If Armey takes on an idea," said Grover Norquist, "it's going somewhere." And, oh, how far his ideas have gone! It is hard to measure power in Washington. Power is not money or title or popularity. Power curls and winds through the marble corridors like a serpent, here one minute, gone the next. Dick Armey grasps that serpent by its neck. To be sure, the media have not always recognized it. Blinded by Denny Hastert's four-square genius and Tom DeLay's hypnotic charm, they have sometimes overlooked the man with the Dean Martin looks and the "aw, shucks" manner. But let there be no doubt: Armey is the Robespierre of this Republican revolution, the "visionary soul"—as his confidant the Dalai Lama calls him—who has done more than anyone else to change the way Washington operates and to transform the way Americans connect to their government.

As the millennium kisses us good night, Armey is preparing his epitaph. In fact, he has written it already: the 1996 runaway best-seller *The Flat Tax*, which outlined with adamantine brilliance the idea that is turning politics on its head. As with other epoch-shifting ideas, many doubted the flat tax's revolutionary power. We at TNR confess, red-faced, that we doubted—but all concede now that the tax is the salvation of American politics, the life raft for middle- and lower-class Americans, the restorer of democracy. The credit goes wholly to Armey. In this millennial year, he has won critics over with a potent mix of crystalline logic and folksy good humor. At a meeting with a skeptical President Clinton last month, Armey threw his cowboy boots onto an Oval Office table and drawled, "My momma always said, 'The government can't hook a bass, can't gut a bass, and can't fry up a bass in a skillet, but I'll be damned if they don't take 39 percent of every fish I ever catch.' I told her, 'Momma, if there's a flat tax, you're gonna keep 83 percent of that fish—so you better save me a piece!'" President Clinton, say several who attended the meeting, laughed and then slowly, gravely, began to nod. The White House introduced its own flat tax the following week.

"My momma always told me, 'Shine your boots every day, son, but don't use 'em as a mirror.'" It is hard to be a modest man in this age of show-offs. So it is not surprising that the self-effacing majority leader has not been recognized for his work overseas. Armey, for instance, recently returned from a secret trip to Belfast, his eighteenth such mission as the critical go-between in the Northern Ireland peace talks. Catholic and Protestant negotiators implored President Clinton to add Armey to the negotiating team, and everyone from special envoy George Mitchell on down agrees that Armey made the deal work. "Dick gave us the courage to seek peace," says Sinn Fein leader Gerry Adams, noting that at difficult moments the beefy Texan would switch to speaking Gaelic. "His quiet confidence made us safe." Ireland is just one of Armey's diplomatic coups: the European Union, East Timor, the bridging of the Sunni-Shiite divide that plagues the Muslim world—his handprints are there if you know where to look.

But all work and no play would make Dick a dull boy. And there is no shortage of play. Armey is the social sun around which Washington revolves. Armey's monthly poker games with Alan Greenspan, Justice Antonin Scalia, Steve Jobs, and Stephen Hawking are legendary. Says Scalia, "It's the largest display of brainpower ever gathered around a card table since Armey played solitaire this morning.... Last month, when Alan was panicking about the market and wanted to hike rates three points at a shot, Dick talked him down. Dick always talks him down."

One man who wishes he had listened to Armey is Bill Gates, another old poker buddy. His falling out with Armey—now the stuff of Silicon Valley legend—is widely regarded as the catalyst for the Justice Department's antitrust suit against Microsoft. One evening Armey, a software junkie, was ribbing Gates good-naturedly about Windows 98's awkward storage of ".dll" files. An angry Gates exploded, calling Armey a "pile of Texas lard." That would be the most expensive insult in history. The next day, says Armey, "I told Attorney General Janet Lesbo about that old Merle Haggard song, 'You Can Open a Window but It Won't Stay Up If the Sash

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Done Broke." That same day, Reno ordered an investigation into Microsoft's operating-system monopoly.

One of Armey's literary heroes, the great Native American Chief Seattle, wrote in 1857 that "[l]ife is not a destination. It is a journey through the wilderness of discovery." So has this second millennium been a wilderness odyssey for Armey. Washington is just the latest stop on his pied-piper wanderings. Armey's involvement in conservative politics dates back to 1960, when, as a little-regarded economics professor at North Texas State University, he sent a manuscript to Senator Barry Goldwater with this note attached: "Senator, my momma always told me, 'Give a book and you'll get back a friend.' Here's a book." That manuscript was, of course, *The Conscience of a Conservative*.

Armey, who had won the Medal of Honor 17 years earlier for his single-handed assault on a fortress in Anzio, Italy, had his own conscience pricked by the decade he spent in the Soviet Union. As a top adviser to Joseph Stalin in the early 1930s, he had proposed breaking the kulaks' land monopoly: "It was inhibiting free enterprise," he says now. But soon he realized that Stalin was "just another tax-and-spend liberal."

Armey's World War II service hardly marked his first foray into the darkness of combat. Some years earlier, he had played an extraordinary, if forgotten, role in the Civil War, a conflict that historians now agree was fought not over slavery or states' rights but over taxes. As chief counsel to President Lincoln, Armey urged replacing the nation's complicated, "soul-destroying" system of import duties and sales taxes with a single, lower flat tax. Southern states, which relied on these corrupt duties, rebelled. Armey composed Lincoln's remarkable speech, delivered on the eve of the war, with its immortal opening line: "Every American is a slave—a slave to a tax system that steals 39 cents of every hard-earned dollar."

Armey's collaboration with Lincoln followed what he calls "the saddest time" in his life—a long exile on the isle of Elba. The island imprisonment was retribution for the brilliant military campaigns he led during the first decades of the nineteenth century. Armey, with his familiar alchemy of genius, turned the revolutionary fervor of France into a grand European empire, bringing the rule of law (immortalized as "*Le Code Armeiste*") and the flat tax ("*le plat*") to Western Europe, thus setting the table for the rise of European democracy. Astride his great white charger, in his father's spurs and saddle, Armey cut an imposing figure. His soldiers revered him: "*L'armee, c'est* Armey," his deputy Napoleon Bonaparte quipped to reporters.

"War exhausts me, but not as much as living under a tyrant's yoke does," Armey confided in his memoir, *The Education of Richard Armey*. Armey had reason to be exhausted. He had come to France to preach the ideas he had popularized in the new United States, to make real his beautiful phrase, "life, liberty, and the pursuit of money." By the early 1770s, Armey concluded that British dominion over America was hopelessly evil. In his seminal 1776 book *The Wealth of Nations*, Armey described the British Stamp Act as a "complicated tax scheme [that] costs the average middle-class family of colonists 27 pounds a year." Armey's Declaration of Tax Independence shot through the colonies like a bolt of summer lightning, encapsulating the idea that would come to define this millennium: economic liberty is a fundamental human right. John Locke and David Hume dubbed the theory "Armeyism" and wrote a three-volume tribute. Armey implored the philosophers to take his name off the idea. Again, modesty prevailed.

Before anyone, Armey recognized that the cause of economic liberty was yoked like an ox to that of religious freedom. His own religious convictions have never been shaken, though they have shaken the world. In the early sixteenth century, Armey deplored the greed and corruption of the Catholic church, particularly a progressive indulgence program that forced the middle and upper class to spend more to enter heaven. "As my momma told me, 'When Jesus Christ said that we would have to pay with our spirit to enter the Lord's kingdom, I don't think he meant we'd have to shell out 39 pfennigs on the guilder,'" he said in an interview at the time. Along with bass-fishing buddy Martin Luther, Armey wrote his 95-part "Contract with Germany." The shy Armey shunned credit for the contract. Luther did not. (This church work interrupted Armey's budding painting career, which had begun in Florence 60 years earlier. His seminal work, "Madonna della Tressatorio"—"The Madonna of the Tax Office," which is widely credited with inventing perspective, hangs today in the Louvre.)

To know the real Dick Armey, however, we must travel still further back, to the start of the thirteenth century. The millennium was still young, and so was he. The clouds of despair and desolation that followed the collapse of Rome were only then, 700 years later, beginning to lift. An idealistic young English nobleman, Earl Richard D'Armieux, followed his King Richard to the Holy Land, a crusader to free Jerusalem from the heathen and to install a voluntary, ecumenical, teacher-led moment of silence in every classroom in Zion. When King Richard was captured, it was Earl Richard who defeated Saladin's hordes at the Battle of the Plains of the Marshes of the Fields of the Cliffs of Fet. It was the earl who ransomed the king and brought him in triumph back to England.

But that story ended tragically. King Richard and his own father, the Duke D'Armieux, died in the same year, and young Earl Richard watched in horror as the central government in London gulped down his estate like a pint of ale. Inheritance taxes swallowed 60 percent of it. "Voluntary" contributions took 39 percent of the remainder—all to feed the voracious federal bureaucracy of King John. One day, while fishing in the Avon River with another baron, Richard hatched the idea of a tax revolt. The rebellion would give birth to England's democracy and then, like a slow but inexorable virus, to democracies everywhere.

Today, Richard's Magna Carta hangs in honor's place at the British Museum. Beneath the prideful, spiteful seal of King John, the first signature—still blue as freedom after 784 years—is "Richard Keith D'Armieux." There, at Runnymede beside the Thames River, with nothing but a quill and his indomitable spirit, Dick Armey wrote the first chapter of this greatest millennium, just as today he is writing the last. ■

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Meet the other lunatics in the New York Senate race.

Running Amok

By Liesl Schillinger

Around the country, Abe Hirschfeld is probably best-known as the man who offered to pay Paula Jones $1 million last year to drop her lawsuit against President Clinton. Around New York, the immigrant tycoon made headlines when he was put on trial for allegedly hiring a hit man to murder his former business partner. (The trial resulted in a hung jury; prosecutors may yet refile the charges.) Now Hirschfeld wants to add another line to his resumé: U.S. senator for New York. On November 8, two full weeks before Hillary Clinton announced her intention to seek the New York Senate seat, Hirschfeld announced his. And, while Clinton and her presumptive opponent, New York City Mayor Rudolph Giuliani, are still shadowboxing, Hirschfeld has wasted no time leaping into the ring. "Let me tell you, I didn't need to explore. I know what New York state needs," Hirschfeld says. "I am probably only the biggest genius in the United States."

Ah, yes, just when you thought the New York Senate race couldn't get any weirder, it has. And the reasons are named Abe Hirschfeld and Al Lewis. Hirschfeld is seeking the nomination of the Independence Party, the New York branch of the Reform Party. Lewis, a loopy, lefty talk-radio host who first became famous playing Grandpa on "The Munsters," wants to run as the Green Party candidate. The two men have yet to register in the polls, and it's unlikely they ever will. But they are doing something even more implausible: They are making Clinton and Giuliani look shy, retiring, and utterly unopinionated.

Hirschfeld first came by his fame and fortune as a New York real estate developer, building and renovating some of Manhattan's most famous pieces of property. "I probably built ten times more buildings than Donald Trump," he likes to say. (Last year, *Time* magazine named him one of the century's top 100 "builders and titans.") Hirschfeld has admitted he is "a little crazy" but says that New York needs a builder-senator like him, rather than a lawyer-senator like, well, you-know-who. "Lawyers only know how to create chaos," he declares. "A lawyer has never created a job. I am not a talker, I'm a doer." It is not merely his professional accomplishments that make him a superior candidate to Clinton or Giuliani, Hirschfeld adds; it's his personal qualities, too. In his mish-mash Mediterranean accent and free-form syntax, a meld of Mel Brooks's 2,000-year-old man and a New York cabbie, he says, "A lady like Hillary, she couldn't please one man—how's she going to please a whole state? And that applies to Giuliani—he can't please one woman who he's married to. With me, it's just the opposite. I am married 56 years."

But Hirschfeld is not running on family values alone. When I caught up with him a few weeks ago, he had just canceled a Thanksgiving trip to Palm Beach so he could brainstorm about how to solve the plight of working men and women in upstate New York. "New York state needs upstate more jobs," he explains. "We have to create an industry so that all the women in Harlem that their husbands left them only because they cannot make a living to support their families—to create jobs for them." So far, Hirschfeld has identified two ways to accomplish this: first, build casinos; second, put more women in Congress. "One of my platforms is—and you're the first one that hears it from me," he confides, "is that, in the Senate, any vacant seat in the third millennium should be filled only with women until we have equal numbers of men and women, because I believe that women are smarter than men. I can prove it with figures, because more than 95 percent of the people in jails are men. So which sex is superior?"

This is not Hirschfeld's first campaign; he has run unsuccessfully for a variety of state and federal offices and once won a city commissioner's seat in Miami Beach. Al Lewis, too, is a veteran politico—of sorts. Three decades after leaving "The Munsters," Grandpa turned his long-standing interest in politics into a career by agreeing to host a radio talk show every Saturday on New York's WBAI, where he shouts down callers who take issue with his strident opinions. When the Green Party asked Lewis if he'd run for governor on its ticket, he agreed and took the proposition more seriously than anybody anticipated. He hit bus stops, diners, and old-age homes—"campaigning like they did in 1890 with a horse and wagon going through the state." With a minuscule campaign coffer and without a single TV ad, he managed to draw one percent of the statewide votes—comfortably above the 50,000 required to automatically put the Green Party on the ballot for the next four years.

Lewis is aware that he may need greater resources to mount a successful bid in a Senate race that features two of the nation's most prominent public figures. "It is very difficult to try to run a campaign without money. It is comparable to trying to climb Mount Everest barefooted, and nobody has done that, not even a Sherpa," he says. And so he has pledged to run only if he can raise a million dollars by April. But, whether or not Lewis reaches that goal, he is determined to keep firing potshots at the two front-runners—"Tweedledum and Tweedledee," as he likes to call them—for the benefit of anybody who will listen. "[Giuliani] has a terrible track record in his home city of New York," he says. "Look, I believe, like my friend Sidney Zion says, the only thing that's missing is, we need to build him a balcony—then we can call him Benito Giuliani! The guy's so dictatorial and vengeful and mean!" As for Clinton, "I haven't met her. The resumé I hear is: She has a nice smile, but her legs are too short. How in the world does that qualify a person?" Of course, now Lewis has Hirschfeld to contend with, too, but he isn't worried. After all, Lewis says, "he's insane." ■

Liesl Schillinger is a New York-based freelance writer.

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Paris Dispatch

Flip Flop

By JON HENLEY

CALL IT THE Benedict Arnold of fast food. McDonald's, under attack in France as a symbol of depraved Americana, is insisting the critics have it all wrong. Actually, it is the Frenchest of companies. And where's the evidence that McDonald's embodies the Gaulish spirit? Well, for one thing, it dislikes Americans.

So suggests a series of ads in the French media. "Salads at McDonald's? I don't get it," says a calorically challenged chap sporting an unappealing combination of coveralls, a combat jacket, and a baseball cap in one company ad. (He's American, you see.) "Ah, but in France we like salads," the ad smugly replies. "And, dear sir, food isn't about 'getting it.' It's about taste, choice, and health. Salad is an essential nutritional element, which is fortunate because the French love it. And, contrary to popular opinion, they have taste."

In another in the series, a plump Texan wearing a Stetson roars into his cell phone: "McDonald's France's products come from the farm? And they actually eat them?" The riposte: "Working with an individual farm, sir, is the best way to guarantee the origin and quality of our goods. And to avoid genetically modified ingredients." Then comes the slogan: "McDonald's. Born in the USA. Made in France."

KATIE ISENBERG

There is a reason for all this. Arriving by limo at the Deauville American Film Festival last summer, the pride of Hollywood was greeted not by the customary crush of squealing fans but by mooing cows, grunting pigs, and 200 profoundly agitated French farmers. It was the perfect symbol for current Franco-American relations: a clutch of very rural Frenchmen protesting, as only very rural Frenchmen can, against what is persistently and somewhat unfathomably referred to here as "ever-encroaching U.S. hegemony."

This particular spat concerned Washington's decision, in response to Europe's ban on hormone-treated American beef, to impose crippling import tariffs on such French sacraments as Roquefort cheese, Dijon mustard, and foie gras. Gallic retaliation was swift: dozens of cafés slapped 100 percent "taxes" on Coca-Cola, and agro-hooligans trashed McDonald's restaurants far and wide. The most highly publicized act of McVandalism was led by a sheep farmer and cheese maker from southwestern France who has since gained wider notoriety as the unlikely figurehead of the Seattle protests against the World Trade Organization.

JON HENLEY is Paris correspondent for *The Guardian*.

José Bové, a cut above your average peasant farmer in that he cites Henry David Thoreau and Adam Powell among his influences, chose his target well. For him, the pride of American corporate—if not culinary—prowess represents three evils. "Firstly, it's globalization, multinationals, the power of the market," he says. "Then it stands for industrially produced food: bad for traditional farmers and bad for our health. And lastly it's a symbol of America. It comes from the place where they not only promote globalization and industrially produced food but also unfairly penalize our peasants."

Most of France seems to be on Bové's side. Imprisoned for 20 days after wrecking a McDonald's that was still under construction, he won expressions of support from all sides of the political spectrum. Even Prime Minister Lionel Jospin said his fight was just. And Bové's campaign has struck a chord with French consumers fed up with what he calls "*la malbouffe*"—crappy eats. Europe had already suffered through mad cows (in Britain), dioxin-tainted chickens (in Belgium), and possibly poisonous Coca-Cola (in France itself). The French people want to know, *zut alors*, what exactly is on their plates. "In France, food equals identity," says Guillaume Parmentier, who heads the French Center on the United States, a private-sector think tank. "There is a growing fear of being taken over by new types of technology and a general ambivalence toward globalization—of which McDonald's has become a symbol."

With the row spiraling out of control, McDonald's turned to the admen. McDonald's France, they pointed out, is French—made from French products and by French hands. One ad spells it out. "What I don't like about McDonald's France is: They don't use American beef," complains a wizened Yankee named John. "Too right, John," comes the reply. "Our meat isn't shipped in from the U.S. It all comes from France. And you know why, John? Because our beef is pretty good, too." The ads, admits McDonald's France Vice President Jean-Pierre Petit, are "the best way of pulling the rug out from under the feet of those who use our American origins as a way of criticizing us."

But are the ads really necessary? Anti-Americanism has its limits in France—even when it comes to a matter as close to every Frenchman's heart as his stomach. In truth, the French are fascinated by all things American. When Burger King pulled out of France a couple of years ago, it was not—as the commentators gleefully but erroneously suggested—because the refined Gallic palate had revolted against the Whopper, but because Burger King was bested by McDonald's, which now has 800 restaurants around the country.

In matters of the mind, the story is the same. Disneyland Paris's 12.6 million visitors last year included five million French, many returning for a second time. And, while the heavily subsidized French film industry may have produced more homegrown films last year than ever before, most sank without a trace. The film that broke all box-office records, selling 20 million tickets in France, was *Titanic*.

José Bové may turn out to be a flash in the, er, pan. ■

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Campaign Journal

Trump Card

By Dana Milbank

LOS ANGELES

Ridiculing Donald Trump—billionaire, presidential candidate, lounge lizard—has become so easy that it is no longer sporting. "Doonesbury" recently featured Trump squeezing a busty blonde and reciting his stump speech: "BIGGEST! BEST! ME! IT'S UNBELIEVABLE! BIGGEST! MINE! TALLEST! BIGGEST! ME!" *The New York Times*' Maureen Dowd described him as a "high-rolling plutocrat," and *The Weekly Standard* called him "A Chump on the Stump."

I had followed the Donald west, determined to be contrary: I would take the developer and his nascent presidential candidacy seriously. It wasn't easy.

First, there was the problem of Pee-Wee. A Yorkshire terrier of slight proportions, Pee-Wee is the pet of Roger Stone, Trump's political consultant, and Stone's wife, Nydia. The couple had placed Pee-Wee in a piece of luggage and taken him aboard Trump's 727 for the California tour. But Pee-Wee proved to be a logistical nightmare for Trump's Australian advance woman, Diane, who was overwhelmed by a 35-person press contingent. While Diane herded the journalists, the Yorkie escaped from his bag and ran wild on the press bus.

Then there were Pee-Wee's owners. Back in 1996, tabloids linked the Stones to ads, in various swinger publications, seeking group sex. There were photos of her in a black negligee and him bare-chested, and there was an enumeration of her personal measurements. Stone said he had been set up, but he was forced to step down as an adviser to the Dole campaign.

And finally there was the vehicle for Roger Stone's rehabilitation: Donald Trump himself. An incorrigible show-off, Trump delighted in taking reporters aboard his plane (the one with the winged "T" on the tail and a mirrored headboard over the bed) for an utterly unnecessary, 15-mile flight from Los Angeles to Long Beach. Those who drove to Long Beach arrived a full hour before we did.

Yet, despite these obstacles, I was still determined to take Trump at his word. The guy says he's willing to spend $100 million on his Reform Party bid, and that would knock out Pat Buchanan. He has scheduled a January 7 press conference with Jesse Ventura, the Reform kingpin. He has hired signature firms to gain ballot access. He has done polls.

And he is shaking hands. A germ freak, Trump has said he doesn't want to touch the diseased masses. His campaign hands out half-ounce bottles of hand-cleaner, with Trump's website address taped to the necks. But, on board his plane, Trump walked up to me and extended his hand. It was a good, firm grip.

As part of his California trip, Trump toured the Simon Wiesenthal Center, where he was led from one disturbing display to another: hate speech, Bosnia, Rwanda, the civil rights struggle, the Holocaust. But Trump seemed detached, focusing his attention on the presentation rather than the content. Shown a video of a racial confrontation, he remarked: "Good actors." He spent an hour or so wandering around the exhibits, muttering "fabulous" and "unbelievable" and "brilliant execution" and "extraordinary" and "outstanding." The mood was occasionally broken by Roger Stone's telephone, which played the "Grande Valse" whenever there was a call.

After a guide asked the TV cameras to leave, Trump quickened his pace, galloping through the Warsaw Ghetto and the Holocaust in about three minutes. Rejoined by the cameras, Trump slowed down and was handed a guest book to sign. He paused thoughtfully, as if searching for the perfect sentiment, then scribbled two words in the book: "GREAT WORK!" He underlined "great" three times and dotted his exclamation point with a loop. He then contrasted his own tolerance with the "racist" views of his Reform opponent, Buchanan, whom he linked to Hitler. But even here Trump sounded like a developer. He marveled that Hitler came to power "so brilliantly." Fabulous! Great work, Adolf!

Later, in Anaheim, Trump delivered a speech at a motivational conference for 20,000 entrepreneurs. Before his talk, for which he earned $100,000, Trump paced backstage. I could make out the first sentence of the handwritten text: "All my life I've been successful." It went downhill from there. Trump noted that he flies the Concorde, owns the Empire State and General Motors buildings, and likes the United Nations because "it's right next to my 90-story building."

In private, Trump isn't as bad. He talks plainly and plausibly. Asked about the debates, he said he was appalled by Bush's showing. "And they say *I'm* not prepared?" he marveled. Furthermore, when you look at the policy positions Trump has taken so far, he's amassed a fairly sensible agenda: more regulation of tobacco and alcohol, no more soft money, no Social Security funds in the stock market, a missile defense system, and universal health care.

But if Trump is serious about his run—and he's far from convincing on that point—he'll have to make his candidacy less about himself. In other words, he'll need to undergo a personality transplant. During his California trip, he met with Reform Party activists and, inexplicably, insulted them. Asked about the Reform Party platform, Trump ridiculed his adopted party. "Nobody knows what the Reform Party platform is," he said, eliciting boos and prompting one activist to offer him a copy of the document. Trump sounded every bit the plutocrat running on a populist ticket. If he wants to be taken seriously, he'll have to lose the limousine with the 1ALPHA license plate, the mirrored headboard on the 727, and the phone that plays the "Grande Valse." If he's *really* serious, he might even think about finding a kennel for Pee-Wee. ■

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Class Struggle

IT WOULD HAVE been odd to predict good work from Mike Figgis. This British director is best-known here for *Stormy Monday*, an imitation American gangster flick set in a small English city, and *Leaving Las Vegas*, a contraption in which an alcoholic man and a hooker find sudsy bliss together. Certainly, Figgis is not a man from whom we would expect a film of Strindberg's **Miss Julie** (MGM). At all. Or that it would turn out to be (even) as good as it is. Surprises are not often pleasant in the film world, so Figgis serves up double pleasure.

Comment on any production of this play must start with the cast. Either the two principals are excellent, or the enterprise is doomed. Figgis has cast those two roles superbly, with two British actors little-known here but who, I hope, will not remain so. Saffron Burrows is Julie and has precisely the face and temperament that the role needs, a beauty that promises trouble—for herself as well as others. When she sweeps in, the moody, tyrannical, teasing daughter of a nineteenth-century Swedish count, she brings an immediate air of class that is both her weapon and her prison, along with a sexual drive that we can almost hear seething. The best Julie I had previously seen was the Swedish actress Inge Tidblad, who came to New York with the Royal Dramatic Theater of Stockholm in 1962 and scintillated in the role, though she was 61 at the time. Burrows, in her twenties, as she would have to be on-screen, plunges just as daringly into the middle of the storm and swirls through it to the play's catastrophe.

Peter Mullan is the count's valet, Jean. (Strindberg gives this Swedish servant a French name to mark him as a man who is all too well aware of his class and is unquiet in it.) The best Jean I had previously seen was Christopher Walken, some twenty-five years ago. Mullan, though quite dissimilar in timbre, matches Walken in tacit strength, in smolderings and insolent competence. One not-so-minor point: Mullan is shorter than Burrows. Figgis thus deliberately defies the theater-film convention that a man must be taller than the woman who plays opposite him. Yet with a grim blend of reserve and drive, Mullan towers.

The third character, Christine, the cook who has been Jean's lover, is played by Maria Doyle Kennedy, a quite competent actress who doesn't quite fit. Kennedy, fine-featured, looks more like a cousin of Miss Julie's than the earthy working-class woman that Strindberg presumably had in mind as contrast to her mistress.But Christine is a lesser role: the excellence of the two chief actors propels the drama.

Strindberg's play, in one long act, was written in 1888. (Why the opening legend moves the film ahead to 1894 is a mystery.) It is set in the large kitchen of the count's country residence on Midsummer Eve, an annual festival of song and dance with a smack in it of pre-Christian fertility rites. In the celebration outside, the twenty-five-year-old Julie has been dancing with the thirty-year-old Jean. Her excitement and heat drive her to follow him into the kitchen, where he has withdrawn to avoid the trouble he senses may come from her. In the first section of the play, the two of them play their class roles, but they also frivol and flirt and quarrel and reminisce and draw closer to each other. When others of the servants are heard approaching with song and dance—salacious in tone—Jean takes Julie into his bedroom to avoid the others. There the pair make love. (In the film, the place where it happens is less luxe than a bed.) After the others leave the kitchen and the lovers return, the play explodes in lightning flashes of harmony and quarrel, of wild ideas for fleeing abroad together, of some disgust in each for the other, of pity, of despair, of Julie's perception of her bleak future. At the end, exhausted, hollowed, she asks Jean to order her what to do. She knows what he will say. With cool, god-like dispensation of a life, he hands her his razor, and she goes to her suicide. Some years ago a theater director who was planning to produce *Miss Julie* told me that his basic underlying design was to have Julie consciously-unconsciously headed for the razor from the moment that she first enters in high spirits. This of course is the quintessence of the tragedy.

In his epochal foreword to *Miss Julie*, Strindberg explains his view of characterization in the play: he maintains that contradictions and variations, rather than consistencies, are the core of human behavior. Though he was hardly the first dramatist to perceive it, his use of this truth advances the play through its reality more than its plot. This makes it a groundbreaking work. Eric Bentley says of *Miss Julie* that Strindberg "destroyed the French 'well-made' play that had been the technical basis of later Ibsenism." Ibsen's *A Doll House* and *Hedda Gabler*, though revolutionary in idea and intent, are molded in popular theater structures of the day; *Miss Julie* is not. The Strindberg scholar Evert Sprinchorn says: "Whereas Ibsen's plays are all exposition, *Miss Julie* is all climax and catastrophe." Thus the play's very organism becomes part of what it is about.

What it is about, at its very base, is history. The transgression of class boundaries occurs here as much because of the century in which Julie and Jean live as because of their present actions. Without in the least being mere signet figures, they arise out of a Europe roiling after 1848. And as part of its historical relevance, this pre-Freud play is startling in its sexual insights. (Not incidentally, it is the first play I know of that mentions menstruation.) We hear about Julie's games with a whip that she played with her former fiancé, her dream of being atop a pillar, Jean's boyhood escape from the count's garden through an outhouse, his childhood sense of filth in relation to Julie's purity, his revenge for his pollution, which is what we witness. All these elements can be found in the Freudian index.

Helen Cooper, who wrote the screen adaptation of the play from a translation that she had done for theater production, obviously understands all these matters. She has tried to sustain them, but by her rearrangement and condensation—for cinematic fluency, as she saw it—she has hobbled them somewhat. (I can't clearly remember Alf Sjöberg's 1951 film of the play, but I remember being bothered by that adaptation, too.) Cooper's version moves the action outside once in a while; further, she—or Figgis—includes a number of fades to black, to denote brief passages of time, I guess. But this is precisely what Strindberg did not want—time-lapses or shifts of locale to divert the play from its dynamics. *Miss Julie* takes place, except for the offstage sex, in one room and in real time: interruptions and rearrangements interfere with its almost Sophoclean wholeness.

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The very existence of this film involves a collision of two arts, much more jarring than with most films of great plays. The difference is as much phenomenological as aesthetic. In the theater, part of the play's power is that it happens in the real time that passes for us, too, as we are sitting there. This not only gives the play a temporal shape, it heightens the agon of Jean and Julie. We see them going through it minute by minute. But any film, we know, is made over a period of time. Even if Figgis's picture was done in weeks, instead of the usual months, it was still performed in distended time; and the fade-outs only increase our awareness of this fact. To see a good performance of the play is, in an almost literal sense, to endure it—for an hour and a half. This experience is intrinsically impossible with a film because we know that it is composed of scenes shot over many days. And this fact detracts, too, from the effect of the acting, as compared with the theater. At the finish of a stage production of *Miss Julie*, the actors seem almost heroic for having passed through the fire—continuously—before our eyes. This precise effect is not achievable in a film.

Figgis does all he can do, and it is a lot, to controvert this ineluctable fact. With the lithe and darting camera of Benoit Delhomme (Figgis did some of the shooting himself), he keeps close to his people, pressing us against them so often and so intensely that we seem to feel their bodies and breath. Throughout, we sense that Figgis wants to beat his film's innate handicap, to give it a victory over its sensory difference from the theater. But for all his fervor, for all the fine acting he has evoked, when the picture is done, we miss the arc, the trajectory, of the play. It would have been pretty lame to nail the camera down and perform Strindberg's whole play in front of it, but a cinematic adaptation of this particular work seems like the old sci-fi device of trying to transfer a soul from one body to another.

Figgis, who has done the same for previous films, composed the score. His music is apt and helpful.

Correction. Synopsizing *Greed* two weeks ago, I said that McTeague's wife, Trina, gets a bequest of $5,000. Thus I managed to conflate two separate events. It is McTeague who gets a bequest (quite a small one); Trina's money comes from winning a lottery. ■

The Empire Writes Back

By James Wood

Rebellion
by Joseph Roth
translated by Michael Hofmann

(St. Martin's Press, 148 pp., $21.95)

I.

In Stefan Zweig's autobiography, *The World of Yesterday*, there appears this dramatic, scything sentence: "Then, on June 29, 1914, in Sarajevo, the shot was fired which in a single second shattered the world of security and creative reason in which we had been educated, grown up and been at home—shattered it like a hollow vessel of clay." A version of this phrase appears in several of the fifteen novels of Zweig's compatriot Joseph Roth, written between 1923 and 1939; and its ghost is felt in nearly all of them.

For citizens of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, especially those who, like Zweig and Roth, were of a nostalgic and idealizing cast, Sarajevo was momentous not because it precipitated the First World War, but because the First World War precipitated the collapse of the adored Hapsburg Empire, that impossible cartel of different countries and races that, like a child's cartographic fantasy, stretched northward from Vienna to take in Prague, eastward to include Moravia, Silesia, and some of what is now Poland and Ukraine, and southward from Vienna to include Croatia and Bosnia-Herzegovina, which it annexed in 1908. The Austro-Hungarian Empire was the nineteenth-century incarnation of the earlier Holy Roman Empire; it was the pampered child of more than 500 years of historical privilege, looked after since 1848 by its spiritual father and commander-in-chief, the Emperor Franz Joseph, who ruled until his death in 1916. Two years later, the Empire had disappeared, and the Hapsburg dynasty faded out of history into historiography, and out of succession into the little monthly coups of the society gossip pages.

Joseph Roth (1894–1939) is the great elegist of that Empire; Robert Musil is its great analyst; Franz Kafka is its dark allegorist. Roth's most characteristic novels are portraits of men who, either infatuated with the Empire or unthinkingly dependent on it, are disappointed by it in some way or another, and who subsequently lose their way, or fall into aimlessness and finally into despair. Generally, this hero will have left the embrace of the Austrian army, which stands in for the Empire, either because the First World War has just ended or because he has been discharged in cloudy circumstances (like Baron Taittinger in *The Tale of the 1002nd Night*). In the course of the novel, this hero may travel either to the rim of Empire (the border districts), or to the center (to Vienna). In the border towns, among Cossacks and Jews, the hero may fight in the Great War, may die (as Lieutenant Trotta does in 1916, in *The Radetzky March*), or may be captured by the Russians and sent to Siberia (as Trotta's cousin is in *The Emperor's Tomb*, and Franz Tunda is in *Flight Without End*). If he survives, he must return to hollow, post-war Vienna, like poor, aimless Arnold Zipper in *Zipper and His Father*, or like Andreas Pum, the protagonist of *Rebellion*, Roth's third novel, available now in English, in Michael Hofmann's fine translation.

Roth was in love with the Hapsburg Empire, and during the 1930s, most of which he spent in exile in France, his love became excessively nostalgic. He sometimes acted as if the proper antidote to Hitler was the restoration of the Hapsburg line. In identification with Austria, he drifted from his Judaism into romantic Catholicism. His novels delight in, insist on, the uniformity of the Empire and its livery in all its varied lands; they enact a kind of fictive imperialism of their own, imposing the same conditions on different characters in different books.

In Roth's novels, Sunday lunch in the Empire is always noodle soup, brisket of beef, and cherry dumplings. In spring, the

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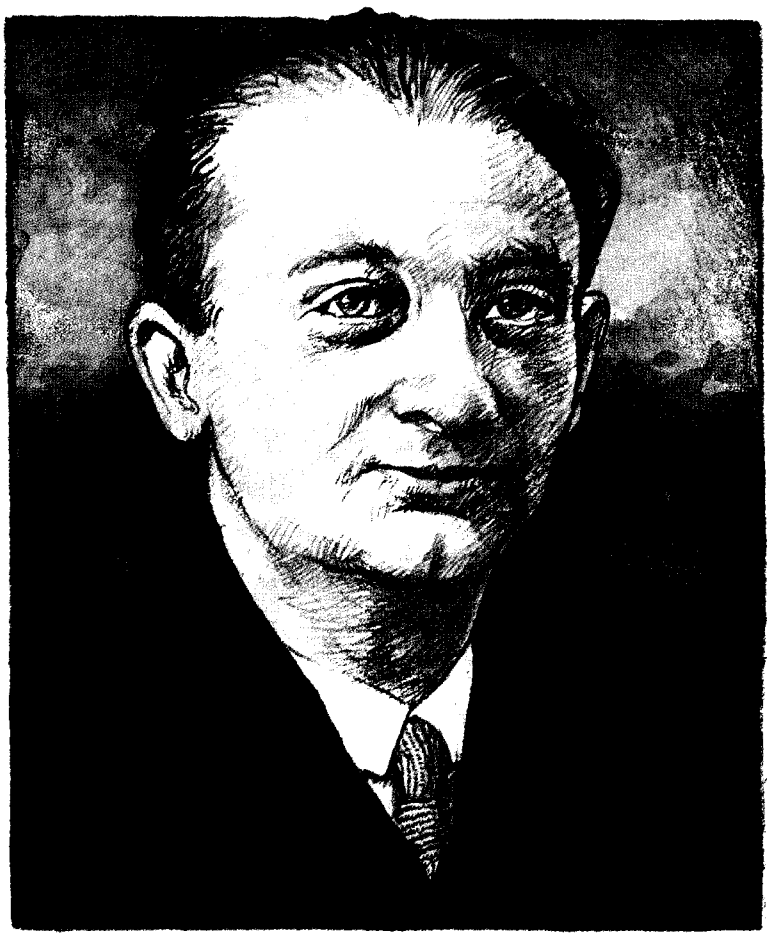
laburnums flower and the new sunlight makes the silverware in the Vienna coffeehouses sparkle. The governmental officers are moustachioed and upright, like waxworks. In the border districts, there is always a Hotel Bristol, where the hero puts up for a while, and a tavern where Russians pay their entire savings to cross into the Empire. The larks trill, the frogs croak, and everywhere can be seen the portrait of the beloved Emperor, and everywhere can be heard bands playing evocative martial tunes, first and foremost "The Radetzky March."

"All little stations in all little provincial towns looked alike throughout the old Austro-Hungarian Empire," Roth writes with obvious satisfaction in *The Emperor's Tomb*. "Small and painted yellow, they were like cats lying in the snow in winter and in the sun in summer." But even at their most nostalgic, Roth's novels exaggerate and mock the presence of the Empire in its citizens' lives. If Roth loved the Empire because it imposed an imperial uniformity on so many different peoples, it is also seen in his books as a kind of tyranny, almost a totalitarianism: Roth and Kafka have more in common than at first seems to be the case.

For Roth was not born, like Zweig (a wealthy and comfortably assimilated Jew), in prosperous Vienna, but on the ragged eastern margins of the Empire, in Galicia, now part of Ukraine. His identification with the Empire, for all its romanticism, had no complacency about it, because it issued not from comfort but from what seems a kind of desperation, and is therefore much more interesting than Zweig's cultured, plush belonging. Roth had a tendency to make up fanciful stories about his origins, and about his record during the First World War. At times he told people that he was the son of a Polish count, or of an Austrian government official, when in truth his father was an unsuccessful Galician businessman who went insane and died in a German asylum. Roth also claimed that he had been decorated in the war for his services in the cavalry, when he most likely only served in the army's press office.

His novels so insist on the Empire that they end up gesturing toward the impossibility of ever realizing it. Roth's elegy suggests to the reader not simply that the Empire is dead and gone, but that it could never, in reality, have equaled the dreams that Roth cherished of it. One feels that the writer was elegiac for the Empire even when the Empire existed, because it was not alive enough for his idea of it. Thus Roth's novels, which were all, of course, written after the collapse of the Empire, are elegies twice over: they are elegies for an original feeling of elegy.



Joseph Roth by Jack Coughlin for The New Republic

So it is that Roth's greatest novels simultaneously squeeze comedy and romanticism from their depiction of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. The romanticism *is* the comedy, since the unwieldy human diversity of the Empire is both magnificent and absurd. In *The Emperor's Tomb*, published in 1938, Roth has his hero, Franz Ferdinand Trotta, describe the extraordinary human resources of the Empire:

> The brilliant variety of the Imperial Capital and Residence [Vienna] was quite visibly fed . . . by the tragic love which the Crown Lands bore to Austria: tragic, because forever unrequited. The gypsies of the Puszta, the Huzulen of Subcarpathia, the Jewish coachmen of Galicia, my own kin the Slovene chestnut roasters of Sipolje, the Swabian tobacco growers from the Bacska, the horse breeders of the Steppes, the Osman Sibersna, the people of Bosnia and Herzegovina, the horse traders from the Hanakei in Moravia, the weavers from the Erzgebirge, the millers and coal dealers of Podolia: all these were the open-handed providers of Austria; and the poorer they were, the more generous. So much trouble and so much pain so freely offered up as though it were a matter of course and in the natural order of things, so as to ensure that the center of the Monarchy should be universally acclaimed as the home of grace, happiness and genius.

This is Roth, in high nostalgia, in 1938, after the Nazis had occupied Austria. But there is something terribly unstable about the passage ("and the poorer they were, the more generous"), and this seems intentional, as if it should be difficult for the reader to tell if Roth is entirely in earnest. What Empire, after all, could possibly be such a utopia? Roth relishes the strange, crooked proper names (the Osman Sibersna, the coal dealers of Podolia), which he rolls on the tongue like a lyric poet listing the proper names of flowers (saxifrage, aramanths, myrtles). The nouns become almost abstract, lift out of reference and hover in the unaccountable, where they cannot be exactly verified or really known.

When Roth is at his most extravagant, his very extravagance is a form of sad irony. This is supremely true of his greatest novel, *The Radetzky March* (1932), which is full of magnificently romantic, despairing prose. At one marvelous moment, for instance, Lieutenant Trotta takes his mistress to Vienna to see the annual Corpus Christi procession, in which the different regiments of the vast Empire parade before the Viennese:

> The light-blue breeches of the infantry were radiant. Like the serious embodiment of ballistic science, the coffee-

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> brown artillerists marched past. The blood-red fezzes on the heads of the azure Bosnians burned in the sun like tiny bonfires lit by Islam in honor of His Apostolic Majesty [the Emperor]. In black lacquered carriages sat the gold-decked Knights of the Golden Fleece and the black-clad red-cheeked municipal councilors.... And the lieutenant's heart stood still yet pounded fiercely—a challenge to medical science. Over the slow strains of the anthem, the cheers fluttered like small white flags amid huge banners painted with coats of arms.

"The blood-red fezzes on the heads of the azure Bosnians burned in the sun like tiny bonfires lit by Islam in honor of His Apostolic Majesty." One reads this vivacious sentence as Roth intends us to read it, in the spirit in which one feels Roth wrote it, which is childish wonderment. This is a dream, in which even metaphor is co-opted by the Empire, and red hats become sacrificial fires for Franz Joseph.

This combination of the childishly romantic and the surreally comic, of realism and excess, innocence and sophistication, gives Roth's writing a paradoxical air. It is at once modern and old-fashioned. It is bitter and unstable and comic; yet it also has the vivid, wide sovereignty of Tolstoy or even of Ilya Repin (those bright, almost crude canvases of soldiers on the steppes) in which the writer seems to exult in his freedom to describe anything he wants to. As Tolstoy feels it his natural right to describe the "private" Napoleon in his dressing-room tent in *War and Peace*, so Roth feels it his right to describe the "private" Emperor Franz Joseph in his state rooms, in *The Radetzky March*.

At his greatest, which is often in *The Radetzky March*, Roth can feel like one of the few twentieth-century novelists to have adapted and modernized Tolstoy—to have advanced on that writer. Here, in a rich, streaming passage, Roth celebrates the horsemanship of the Cossacks, who are found on the edges of the Empire:

> In the vast plain between the two border forests, the Austrian and the Russian, the sotnias of the borderland Cossacks, uniformed winds in military formations, raced around on the mercuric ponies of their homeland steppes, swinging their lances over their tall fur caps like lightning streaks on long wooden poles—coquettish lightning with dainty pennons. On the soft, springy, swampy ground, the clatter of hooves could barely be heard.... It was as if the Cossacks were soaring over the meadows.... With their strong yellow horse teeth, the saddled Cossacks, in mid-gallop, lifted their red-and-blue handkerchiefs from the ground, their bodies, suddenly felled, ducked under the horses' bellies, while the legs in the reflective boots still squeezed the animals' flanks. Other riders flung their lances high into the air, and the weapons whirled and obediently dropped back into the horsemen's raised fists—they returned like living falcons into their masters' hands. Still other riders, with torsoes crouching horizontal along the horses' backs, human mouths fraternally pressing against animal mouths, leaped through wondrously small rounds of iron hoops that could have girded a small keg.

In such passages, there may be no modern writer more appealing than Joseph Roth—unless it be Isaac Babel—none more able to combine the novelistic and the poetic, to blend lusty, undamaged realism with sparkling powers of metaphor and simile. This is the writer whom Joseph Brodsky described as writing a poem on every page.

II.

IF THERE IS something a little sickly in Joseph Roth's love of the Empire, his characteristic hero is a little sickly, too—sick with love for empire, but also made sick by empire. And Thomas Mann, a considerable influence on Roth, had shown that a fictional hero who has been made diseased by the epoch in which he lives—like Hans Castorp in *The Magic Mountain*—can be used by the novelist to offer a criticism of the ailments of that epoch.

This is the case with *Rebellion*, written in 1924, when the thirty-year-old Roth still considered himself something of a leftist. The story is fabular. Andreas Pum has come back from the war, without a leg. He is a simple, loyal subject of the Empire, who unquestioningly believes that the government will provide him with a pension and a small job for life. Things go well for him at first. The authorities issue Andreas a permit to play a barrel-organ, and he spends his days churning out sentimental songs and patriotic marches for appreciative crowds. He finds a kindly war-widow to marry. But a chance incident inverts his life: Andreas becomes involved in a scuffle with a wealthy industrialist, and assaults a policeman who intervenes. His organ permit is taken away, and he is imprisoned.

Andreas's time inside is only six weeks, but they are fateful weeks. During this period he ages terribly, and turns into a silent rebel, mentally siding with those malcontents, communists, angry war veterans, and other agitators whom he had

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always previously despised and disdainfully called "heathens." It may be noted that Andreas, who is never described as a Jew, effectively becomes a Jew once he joins the despised "heathens." The wealthy industrialist with whom he fights remarks to himself, just before his encounter with Andreas, that most of the revolutionary agitators are "Russian Jews."

On his release, Andreas feels that life has become a prison. The old Empire that he had always believed in has steamrolled over him. One of the novel's recurring symbols is the lavish, official summons that Andreas receives, with its imperial eagle stamped on it; Andreas has become nothing but the prey of the Empire. *Rebellion* ends mordantly: Andreas can only find work as a lavatory attendant at one of the Vienna cafés, now run by his successful friend Willi, and Roth tells us that Andreas has "decided that he would like to be a revolutionary," like the firebrands he reads about "in the newspapers that the café supplied him with." But at the café lavatory all his newspapers are "generally a couple of days old by that stage, and the news he got was no longer news when he chopped the newspaper into rectangles and hung them on nails in tidy packages. Willi was constantly telling him to economize on expensive toilet tissue." In other words, the gentlemen of the Empire wipe their asses on such revolutionaries, and by extension, on such mental revolutionaries as Andreas.

Rebellion is a curious, feverish work, like most of Roth's novels of the 1920s. It seems hasty, a little journalistic and editorializing. Roth in this period was also working for the *Frankfurter Zeitung* as a very successful foreign correspondent, and sometimes seems—as a novelist—too easily blown by the mistrals of the moment, too snatched by "issues" (the returning war-wounded, the rise of fascism, what to do with the Bolsheviks, the frailty of the Weimar Republic, the gathering storm-clouds, and so on) to be able to settle down into the relaxed vigilance that great fiction requires. Of course, Roth never exactly settled anywhere. He fled to France in 1933, and his last years in Paris were miserable and drink-sodden. But he did, I think, become a better and better novelist, and he wrote several superb works in the 1930s, the greatest of which, aside from *The Radetzky March*, are *Weights and Measures* (1937) and *The Emperor's Tomb*.

Rebellion has a formal restlessness. At times the novel clicks along briskly like a fable, defenestrating the usual conventions of verisimilitude as it proceeds; at other moments it slows down, apparently desirous of the coagulants of realism, such as pace and psychological depth. As Michael Hofmann argues in his brilliant introduction, however, "the sudden breaks in tempo and level seem to give it a depth of reality that at other moments it would appear to scorn." Certainly, when Andreas goes to jail, this brief novel discovers a bottomlessness in itself, and its simple, rather too simple hero becomes almost tragic, as he rails against his Empire and his God, and sadly recalls his rural childhood.

At this "turn" in the novel, Andreas becomes more than merely a prototype of Roth's later fictional heroes, who share with him a quality of aimlessness and defeat, but a living and suffering human. Andreas is more rebellious than Lieutenant Trotta in *The Radetzky March*, or Arnold Zipper in *Zipper and His Father*, or Baron Taittinger in *The Tale of the 1002nd Night*, who are all curiously indifferent to their aimlessness, but no more defeated than them. Roth's heroes are victims of the Hapsburg Empire, contaminated by what they so love, which is the paternal security and presence of the Empire. Baron Taittinger, who is discharged from the army for dishonorable conduct, drifts without purpose and then kills himself. "I think he lost his way in life," a colleague memorializes. "A man can lose his way!" A friend describes Arnold Zipper as having fallen into "indifference, melancholy, indecision, weakness, and lack of critical faculty," and blames this collapse on Arnold's father, and his father's entire generation: "All our fathers are responsible for our bad luck. Our fathers belong to the generation that made the war."

But really it is the Empire that is being blamed, and the great father-of-all, Franz Joseph. In Roth's second novel, *Hotel Savoy*, published in the same year as *Rebellion*, an Austrian named Gabriel Dan, returning from fighting in the War, gets caught in a large hotel in one of the border districts, and stays several months. He notices that all the other hotel residents, who, like him, are refugees of the Empire, blame the hotel for their misfortune and clogged stasis: "Every piece of bad luck came to them through this hotel and they believed that Savoy was the name of their misfortune." Like the Austrian army, the Hotel Savoy is one of Roth's microcosms of the Empire. It is the Empire that is really "the name of their misfortune."

III.

But why does the Empire so disappoint its citizens? Partly because their love of it is, like Roth's, desperate and uncontainable. And partly because, as Roth's novels delicately suggest, the Empire is not quite a reality, is not itself quite containable. Not only the love for it, but also the comprehension of it, will always exceed the reality. Musil writes about this in *The Man Without Qualities*, when he praises the Empire as a place that allowed its citizens "inner space," not least because it did not really exist. The Empire, remarks Musil, is "only just, as it were, acquiescing in its own existence. In it one was negatively free, constantly aware of the inadequate grounds for one's own existence."

Roth seems to have cherished the "inadequate grounds" of the existence of the Empire. His novels delight in the fact that the Empire was functionally inefficient—the Austrian army was famously feeble—but still efficient at glamour. In other words, he loved the rhetoric of Empire, and loved that the Empire was first and foremost a rhetoric. There is a constant sense in his fiction that such a fantastic assemblage of different peoples could only really be fictional, magical—as if it could only really exist for the novel. (Those blood-red fezzes!) Roth enjoys the Empire as a fictional form, as something analogous to the novel itself. For Roth, and for his heroes, the Empire is too magical for life, but not too magical for the novel.

And his novels, correspondingly, are not just about the Empire; they enact it symbolically, insisting on its dream-like inescapability. Roth's imagery pulls its comedy and its magic from this insistence. In *The Emperor's Tomb*, a man is seen rubbing both sides of his whiskers, "as if he wished to caress simultaneously both sides of the monarchy [Austria and Hungary]." In *The Radetzky March*, Roth makes sympathetic fun of Trotta's father, the dutiful district captain, when he describes how thin and gaunt he has become. The district captain resembles "one of the exotic birds at the Schönbrunn Zoo—creatures that constitute Nature's attempt to replicate the Hapsburg physiognomy within the animal kingdom." In *Zipper and His Father*, the regulars sit in a Vienna café, as if it were "a besieged garrison in a castle."

Roth uses this unreal world, in which everything interlocks for the glory of the Empire, both to elegize a lost time of uniformity and security—Zweig's "world of security and creative reason"—and, more interestingly, to exaggerate the uniformity of the Empire so much that a kind of disappointment and mockery of it must result. For how can such imperial intrusion—in which the very birds in the zoo have taken on the Hapsburg physiognomy, and even a café is like a garri-

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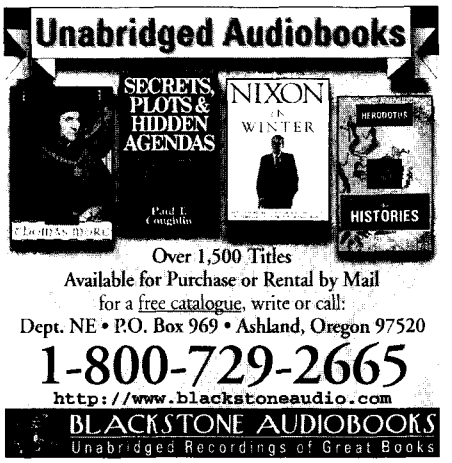
son—not verge on the totalitarian or the tyrannous, as Andreas Pum discovers? One of Roth's finest achievements in *The Radetzky March* is the evocation of the slow, eternal repetitions of routine in the Empire. There is a hauntingly funny description of Sunday lunch as Trotta recalls it, with the local town band playing "The Radetzky March" outside the dining room windows, and the Trotta family consuming brisket of beef and cherry dumplings, a meal which never varies on any Sunday of the year. Yet the book is also a devastating portrait of the inertia of the habitual, and of the oppression of uniformity, and all the best comedy in the novel flows from this apprehension.

Since the Empire is everything to Roth's characters, they tend to convert everything, even metaphysics, into the terms of the Empire; they make a religion of the Hapsburgs. This is constantly hinted at in *Rebellion*: "Then he remembered he didn't have his permit anymore. All at once he felt he was alive, but without any authority to live. He was nothing anymore!" So reflects Andreas, when his organ-grinder's permit is taken away. It is the Empire that gives him authority to exist, that tells him what to do, that promises to look after him. Similarly, in *The Radetzky March*, Lieutenant Trotta vainly looks to the army, and to the Emperor, to instruct him in the skirmishes of life. In Roth's novels, marching orders are more than merely figurative. They are everything. But at some critical moment in a life, they will not be enough.

The Empire is a religion in Roth's novels, the God that fails; and it fails its citizens rather as God fails its believers, by being indescribable, by being too much. Just as God is the source of both good and evil, so, too, the Empire is numinously responsible for all that is wicked as well as all that is fine in the world. And not surprisingly, this religion produces both devotion and a secular rebellion against that religion. This is Roth's political theodicy, and the source of his conservative complexity.

Roth's wish fulfillment sows the seeds of its own disappointment, and this frustration is shared with his embattled fictional heroes, who are epic heroes in a mere age of the novel, junior Don Quixotes, going at life with inappropriate weaponry. It might be said that Roth's novels are war novels without any real war in them. Again one thinks of Kafka, and not just because in *Rebellion* the beaten-down Andreas is promised in prison that a shadowy "Director" will help him to gain an early release, and the imperial machinery is so alienatingly inhuman. Kafka once said that "there is infinite hope, but not for us." In Roth's world, there is an infinite Empire, but not for us. ■



Experiments in Living

By MARTHA C. NUSSBAUM

The Trouble With Normal: Sex, Politics, and the Ethics of Queer Life by Michael Warner

(The Free Press, 227 pp., $23)

I.

ON THE COVER of Michael Warner's new book stands a row of male dolls. Half of them are hypermuscular and dressed in leather: gay men, it seems. They are dressed identically; they stand in identical stances. Alternating with them stands another set of male dolls, also identical to one another, also posed in identical stances. These dolls, dressed in white dinner jackets, hold out their arms as if to escort a partner: grooms in a wedding, it seems. And it appears that the leather dolls are all set to march down the aisle with the dinner-jacketed dolls, in a same-sex wedding that is also a wedding of outsider status with conformity, the "pathological" with the "normal."

In this way, Warner's book wittily announces its theme: the tyranny of public conformity and the irrational desire for sameness, even among people who, as social outsiders, ought to know the dam-

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age that this kind of tyranny can inflict on others. Thus Warner pointedly suggests from the outset that even the intense desire of many gays and lesbians for same-sex marriage may itself be an example of this tyranny. To the aspiration to conformity and the domination of the "normal," Warner opposes a moral argument based upon an ideal of autonomy and liberty, and upon the idea that a democratic culture needs to encourage, not to stifle, innovations and deviations in living, in order to discover the most fruitful ways to realize its ideal of human dignity.

Thus, although this book is the work of a leading queer activist and a defense of a radical subculture, it is also a descendant of Mill's *On Liberty*, which similarly inveighed against the tyranny of public opinion in the name of liberty and of "experiments in living." And it has another surprising, and more recent, antecedent: Richard Posner's *Sex and Reason*, which argued, appealing to Mill, that our public policy in the area of sex should reject the politics of moralism and should protect all consensual adult relations from state interference. But Warner acknowledges the complexity and the messiness of sex far more effectively than the economistic Posner or the somewhat squeamish Mill. His case for autonomy is stronger for being written as if the author knows something personally about the subject.

WARNER IS KNOWN to the non-academic world as the founder of Sex Panic!, a group of gay activists united to protest various policies of New York Mayor Rudolph Giuliani in the areas of sex-related zoning and public sex. But he is also a professor of American literature at Rutgers University, and the author of a fine book about print culture and the public sphere in colonial America, and the editor of the Library of America's anthology of American sermons. Nor is his relation to religion merely scholarly. A remarkable article that he wrote in 1993 began with the sentence, "I was a teenage Pentacostalist," and went on to describe his upbringing in that community and his education at Oral Roberts University.

Although it seems natural to think of the two parts of Warner's life as radically discontinuous—natural even to him, as he admits—he cannot deny that there are deep links between them. Both communities in which he has lived are marginal "outsider" communities, alienated from the dominant culture and spurred in no small part by anger against it. (Warner tells us of a mother who, abandoned by her husband, spoke in tongues while she vacuumed the shag rugs.) So Warner knows well what it is like not to be normal, and to be pilloried by the normal; he also knows what it is to take a profound pleasure in marginality, and to regard it as the source of a deep seriousness. There are dangers in such a romanticization, and Warner's book does not altogether escape them; but on the whole Warner is a deft and thoughtful writer who turns his own experience of the margins into a source of genuine understanding about America and its sexual politics.

WARNER'S TARGET IS what he calls the "politics of sexual shame." By this he means a politics in which people's general unease about the fact of sex gets translated into a comforting set of hierarchies that brand some people as good and healthy, and other people as bad and deviant, and then uses the force of public opinion and law to curtail the consensual activities of those who have been stigmatized. Such a politics of shame, Warner contends, is behind sodomy laws and many other rules through which a majority seeks to define its own sexual activities as superior. We might also call this a politics of disgust, in the spirit of Lord Devlin's famous defense of sodomy laws as legitimate expressions of a society's disgust for some of its members' practices.

Warner argues—like Posner in *Sex and Reason*, and like critics of Devlin such as H.L.A. Hart and Ronald Dworkin—that public policy should never be based on a moralistic desire to tyrannize over the consensual sexual activities of others. Instead, the goal of public policy in this area should be to protect people's "sexual autonomy" from the tyranny of an interventionist moralism. In effect, he advocates making Mill's "harm principle" into a legal standard: if an activity does no harm to non-consenting others, it should not be legitimate to regulate it by law. Unlike Posner, however, Warner does not pretend that his proposal is value-free. He insists (correctly, in my view) that his argument against the politics of shame and his defense of sexual autonomy is itself a moral argument.

What is the shame all about? Warner says little here, but he makes it clear that he thinks we are all ashamed of our sexuality because sex represents a messiness, a lack of control, in human lives that anxiously strive for control and harmony. We could add, with Walt Whitman, that sex reminds us of the fact that we will decay and become part of the grass and the earth around us. Most of the time, of course, we would rather think that this will not happen, that we are pure spirits bound for eternity; and for this reason, too, the discomfort with a mortal and animal body elicits shame, a painful recognition that one has not reached a condition of invulnerability that one would very much like to attain.

Having a lot of shame about our own bodies—and disgust, too, a shrinking from contamination that derives from a deep ambivalence about our own animality and the animal secretions that are such a prominent part of sexual experience—we seek to render our bodies less disturbing; and this frequently involves projecting our own emotions outward, onto vulnerable people and groups who come to embody a shamefulness and a disgustingness that we then conveniently deny in our own person. This happens very young; children make "cootie catchers" and pretend to find disgusting bugs on the bodies of children who are a little bit different. But it is sex that most keenly provokes this troublesome dynamic.

Every society has its chosen "shameful" and "disgusting" sexual minorities who come to represent properties—stickiness, fluidity, sheer corporeality—that the dominant group would like to forget that it, too, possesses. Women play this role in more or less all cultures. But Warner is surely right in suggesting that this powerful emotional reaction to one's own perceived incompleteness is behind the virulence of much American homophobia, particularly when directed against gay men.

WARNER DOES NOT expect that this shame and disgust will ever go away. (In this regard, the rhapsodic Whitman was too unrealistic: his paean to "the body electric" made the body so clean and unthreatening that it hardly seemed to be a body at all.) Warner asks only that we not make public policy in response to it, that we realize our own irrationality in these matters and decide to protect vulnerable others from its damages.

Warner makes two arguments, both of them Millean, one based on liberty and the other based on social advantage. Personal liberty (what Warner calls "sexual autonomy") is extremely valuable, and should not be curtailed where no harm to non-consenting others is at issue. This does not mean that we must refrain from making moral criticisms of them; it means simply that we not dragoon people into "normality" by legal restrictions. When we allow different groups more liberty to construct their own modes of sexual life, moreover, we are all likely to learn from these "experiments in living."

Warner's idea of sexual autonomy is underspecified. He makes it clear that sexual coercion should continue to be regulated by law; but he gives no hint of how he would resolve difficult cases. In his valuable book, *Unwanted Sex*,

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Stephen Schulhofer recently argued, for example, that the protection of sexual autonomy requires major changes in the law of rape. We need to protect people not only against physical force, but also against intercourse accomplished by threat or intimidation, and by the abuse of positions of authority. Schulhofer notes that a high school principal who said to a student "Pay me $500 or you will not graduate" would surely be convicted of a crime; but a principal who said "Sleep with me or you will not graduate" was acquitted of rape because the woman did not say "no." Extortionate offers should be criminal, Schulhofer argues, in sex as in other realms of life, whether we call such cases rape or criminal assault. And Schulhofer extends his analysis to a defense of sexual harassment laws in the workplace, and of professional bans on intercourse between doctors and patients, lawyers and clients.

Warner never wrestles with these difficult cases. Had he spent more time confronting a wide range of feminist writings, he would have had to face the fact that law does not just compromise sexual autonomy, it also protects it. A simple "get the state off our backs" position may look attractive when we are thinking about the sex lives of middle-class men, but it is clearly inadequate to deal with the situation of women and other vulnerable groups. There is no consent where there is pervasive intimidation and hierarchy.

When radical feminists say that rape and "normal" intercourse cannot so easily be distinguished, they mean that a pervasive asymmetry of power makes it difficult for consent to be genuine. Just how this idea should be recognized by law is the difficult matter; but surely we should recognize that many instances in which there is no "no" are not instances of genuine consent; and we should recognize, too, that certain laws that interfere with some allegedly consensual sexual relationships (sexual harassment laws in the workplace, for example) have enhanced sexual autonomy, and not compromised it. I wish I knew what Warner would say about these questions; he will have a viable proposal for public action only when he has sorted them out.

Another issue that will need to be faced in the working-out of these notions of freedom is the issue of material inequality. Any attractive norm of sexual autonomy ought to contrast autonomous choice not only with choice coerced by a criminal act, but also with choice coerced by economic necessity. Warner tends to group "sex workers" with middle-class queer men, and to think of both as people whose sexual autonomy would be enhanced by getting the state out of their lives. Well, maybe for some sex workers. But many of them "choose" a risky and unappealing way of life because they have no good economic alternatives. We should question whether "choice" in those circumstances is really choice.

It is surely true that our society's unease about sex work is a result of the politics of shame; we do not extend the same anxious policing to boxing, or to risky types of factory work, or to any other dangerous and low-paid occupations to which working-class people with few skills tend to gravitate. But any politics of sexual autonomy will surely need to do more than to say "no shame here." It must ask also what material conditions are compatible with any meaningful type of human autonomy, and then seek to promote those conditions for everyone.

II.

WARNER IS PREOCCUPIED with the tyranny exerted over people's liberty by public opinion and its insistent demand for conformity. In America, he argues, this demand takes a particular form. We tell ourselves, and others, that what is best is "normal." Ever since data about sex began to be gathered, we have been anxious to reassure our-

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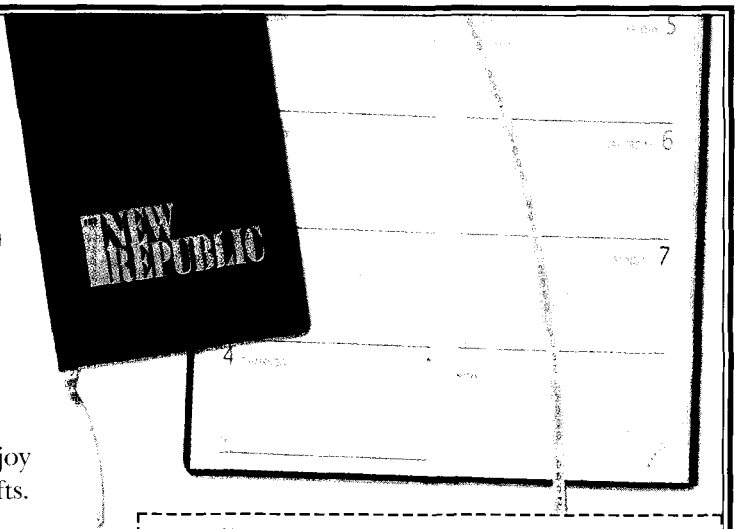

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selves that in sex, as elsewhere, we are right in the statistical middle, and in no way strange or eccentric. Of course, this hunger for the mean is not confined to sex: but in the realm of sex it exercises a particularly tyrannical power over minority ways of desiring and acting.

Why, asks Warner, would anyone want to be normal? If normal means the middle of a statistical range, there is nothing so good about that: it is normal to have back pain, or bad breath. Yet we persuade ourselves, somehow, that "normal" in that statistical sense is the same thing as "normative," or the way things ought to be: being normal seems already evaluative, as if it gives those in the majority a license to look down on the minority, who are definitionally abnormal. (Mill made the same point about the slippery use of the term "nature," which somehow slides from "the way things usually are" to "the way things rightly should be.")

Warner thinks that people have simply confused the idea of the normal with the idea of the normative. Yet intellectual confusion is not the whole story here. Warner's analysis of shame suggests a deeper story. People want to be like others, especially in sex, because then they can feel that they are less naked, less shamefully exposed. There is indeed safety in numbers. Somehow the numbers—like a fig leaf—hide the disorder of our bodies from us, and make us feel almost as if we had no bodies. It is this denial of the corporeal that finds expression, I think, in the convention that everyone wear a dark suit in the workplace. In suits, men are robbed of their physicality by their conformity. And so, when women came into a previously all-male workplace, with their alarming legs and flowing hair and brightly colored dresses, they represented sex. By standing out, they reminded everyone else that they, too, are sexual beings, and so an anxiety, or even a panic, was likely to ensue, and frequently did ensue.

Much the same, Warner suggests, is true of the American public response to gay men, especially when they will not oblige by hiding their sexuality. They remind everyone, but especially heterosexual males, of this common but scandalous aspect of human life, of the unreason that we are all in together. And so they have to be scorned and downgraded by an appeal to the normativity of the normal.

But of course gay men are not themselves immune to this logic. They are no more daring, no more reconciled to their mortality and their physicality, than anyone else. (Remember those identical male dolls.) So it is not surprising that they, too, should yearn for a kind of normality—and Warner is at his most incisive when he documents the recent trend in gay journalism toward the pretense that sex is not really the issue, that being gay has nothing to do with sex. In a way, there is nothing wrong with the gay dream of ordinariness. There is dignity also in the ordinary. But the gay movement was once about social criticism and social change, about the rights and the benefits of genuine and irreducible otherness. And it is worse than disappointing when those who have opted for the safety of the normal turn around and throw shame on others who have not. Sadly, "[i]t does not seem to be possible to think of oneself as normal without thinking that some other kind of person is pathological."

In the remnants of defiant queer culture, by contrast, Warner finds a norm of dignity that makes a distinctive and worthy contribution to democracy. This is the Whitmanesque idea that human beings have dignity precisely in their mortality, in the disorder of their vitality. "If sex is a kind of indignity, then we're all in it together. And the paradoxical result is that only when this indignity of sex is spread around the room, leaving no one out, and in fact binding people together, that it begins to resemble the dignity of the human." Gay friendships, he argues, are based on a public acknowledgment that we have bodies that we do not altogether understand or control, and that this is a fundamental source of our equality and our characteristically human form of dignity. And these friendships need, for their flourishing, a public space within which to create their own public culture.

III.

All this is appealing, as far as it goes. The queer community is indeed conducting a Millean experiment in living, and it is precisely such experiments that a democracy committed to liberty and dignity should protect, hoping that it will learn something from them. Here again, though, I wish that Warner had engaged more with the predicament of women, for it would complicate his romantic picture of the scorned aspects of queer life.

Think, for example, about pornography. In Warner's argument, the availability of sexually explicit materials is simply one of the freedoms that the experimenters want to have, and should have, as a part of their rebellion against the tyranny of the normal. Indeed, Warner pays pornography the compliment of portraying it as the opposite of the normal, as a kind of bad outsider other, in danger of being suppressed. But think about it from the viewpoint of many women, and things get terribly complicated. For the depiction of women in most pornography made for men is just an aspect—and a very powerful aspect—of the tyranny of the normal.

There is nothing rebellious or experimental about this sort of pornography. It is just the old message of male domination, made powerful by being packaged as a masturbatory aid. Men learn that women are objects for men's use and men's control; and many women, in the pornographic view of the world, even love abuse, and cry out ecstatically when they are beaten up. In short, pornography normalizes a very old way men have of viewing women: no subversive outsider, but the most inside of the inside, the sweat-stained leather armchair in the old boys' club.

If, then, you are a feminist interested in rebellion against the tyranny of the normal, it is by no means obvious that you will want to go along with Warner and seek the easy availability of sexually explicit materials, making no distinctions. You will first want to make, morally, a number of distinctions within the category of the sexually explicit; and you may even feel that here, again, legal interference with liberty might support sexual autonomy rather than undermining it. At any rate, the argument will have to be joined.

Even in the world of gay male pornography, Warner needs to argue that something like this is not the case. Male norms of objectification and domination are very powerful; it would be surprising if queer culture had simply thrown them off. After all, adult queer men are, almost all of them, brought up to be heterosexual men; it would be startling indeed if they had not internalized the norms of "straight" culture regarding women and the use of people as things. But then these norms might work their way into gay pornography in ways that would call for analysis and criticism, at least moral criticism.

It is wrong to congratulate oneself on the happenstance of statistical conformity, and still more wrong when that self-congratulation demeans and diminishes others. But the sheer rebelliousness of queer culture hardly guarantees that it does not contain pieces that tyrannically re-enact the normal. What makes Warner think that the queer community has been successful in liberating itself from the all-too-familiar patterns of domination and subordination that characterize the normal? So what we need is a more complicated argument. We need an argument for which autonomy is not just a matter of freedom from restriction—at least if it is to be connected, as Warner wishes, with equality and dignity.

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IV.

Warner draws from his general analysis a number of implications for public policy. One of his primary targets is the zoning policies of Mayor Giuliani. By restricting the places where sexually explicit materials may be sold, he argues, Giuliani has fractured a fertile and highly democratic gay public culture that focused on the street scene of the West Village. Now rich gays frequent expensive private clubs, while poorer gays go to the dangerous areas around the docks where these materials remain publicly available.

Thus, in Warner's account, the democracy of gay male culture has been undermined in the name of public disgust and shame. These are plausible examples of the divisive and cramping effects of a politics of shame, although, once again, Warner's arguments about pornographic materials lack complexity. But Warner's longest chapter, and the one that will surely bring him the most criticism from within the gay community, is his attack on the idea of same-sex marriage. Since there is likely to be a very heated debate about his position, it is important to be precise about what his argument is.

Warner's basic claim is that it is a mistake for the lesbian and gay movement to devote so much of its energy to seeking marriage rights for same-sex couples. Several distinct arguments support this conclusion. First, he argues, working for marriage rights is a deflection of valuable resources and energy away from causes that are both urgent and possible: AIDS prevention and education, and general non-discrimination in housing and employment. Indeed, there is no reason to think that the marriage struggle is winnable any time soon, so it may well be that a lot of money and time is being wasted.

But Warner also makes two deeper and more controversial arguments, closely connected. The first is that pushing for marriage rights unthinkingly validates the social status quo, when we should really be thinking hard about what living arrangements we want to support with what forms of state action. The second is that the status of marriage, as it exists in American society, is inherently discriminatory and hierarchical, defining some couples as worthy and thus defining other couples as less worthy. The two arguments are closely linked because Warner believes that a more reflective and experimental approach to the bundle of political privileges currently associated with marriage would be likely to disaggregate them, and that disaggregation would produce a less hierarchical state of affairs.

Marriage, as it currently exists in America, is not just a sentimental matter. It is also a large bundle of privileges and statuses, in areas including taxes, inheritance privileges, child custody, spousal support, courtroom testimony, hospital visitation, medical decision-making, immigration, and burial. To seek marriage as a right is not just to seek a public space within which to say "I love you." It is to seek that entire group of privileges, and thus to support the normative way of bundling them together.

Of course it seems wrong for opposite-sex couples to have the opportunity to get this bundle when same-sex couples do not. But Warner argues that what all of us should really seek is the regrouping of the entire set of privileges. There is no good reason why they should all be bundled together. Numerous European nations have been disaggregating them in various ways, with success. The Scandinavian countries have created registered domestic partnerships that have many of the privileges of traditional marriage. France has recently given legal recognition, in areas of property, inheritance, and care, to a wider range of living arrangements, not all of them based upon a sexual bond. (And India, I can add, gives government support to women's collectives, which promote women's employment opportunities, emotional solidarity, and shared child-rearing.)

Warner plausibly holds—here agreeing with Posner—that we should stop and think, learning what we can from these experiments, rather than jumping on the marriage bandwagon and cheering for an institution that does not, after all, have such a good record when we consider issues of sex equality (and, we might add, of child sexual abuse). Warner is aware of the argument that gay marriage itself is a radical experiment that may well revolutionize all marriage; but he is skeptical about such an outcome, holding that it is at least as likely that non-conforming styles of life will be dragooned by the institution of marriage into conformity with previous norms. Warner also plausibly holds that we should in any case prefer a disaggregated solution to the problem of marriage, because the traditional bundling of privileges tends to stigmatize people who, for whatever reason, do not want to enter, or cannot enter, the preferred kingdom. I think that these are excellent arguments, though I am not optimistic about our nation's willingness to deliberate seriously about the alternatives that other nations have embraced.

But isn't love an argument for marriage? Here Warner is tough with those who romanticize traditional marriage. Love, he points out, has been regarded, in large parts of the Western tradition, as a profoundly antinomian emotion, and not very comfortably at home with a settled arrangement such as marriage. What people who romanticize marriage are really after, Warner suspects, is something more like safety and insulation.

Insofar as a long romantic tradition does see marriage as a natural fulfillment of love, there is a peculiar paradox involved: marriage consecrates a love that represents itself as pure spontaneity, and offers a way for lovers to ally themselves with the dominant social order while still having the satisfaction of seeing themselves as daring protesters against all laws. There is nothing wrong with this very human tendency to want to have it both ways—but one's all-too-human insecurity is rarely a good source of law.

Warner is himself a peculiarly American kind of romantic. Just as he suggests that authentic love is radically antinomian, and that religions are at their most interesting when they set themselves against the dominant norms of society, so he sometimes suggests that all selves are authentic only if they are continually being remade. He ended his Pentacostalist article with this statement about minority religions: "They tell you to be somebody else. I say: believe them." In this spirit, earlier in the article, he admitted to a lack of sympathy with anyone who does not want to engage in ongoing experiments in living:

> I have never been able to understand people with consistent lives—people who, for example, grow up in a liberal Catholic household and *stay* that way; or who in junior high school are already laying down a record on which to run for president one day. Imagine having no discarded personalities, no vestigial selves, no visible ruptures with yourself, no gulf of self-forgetfulness, nothing that requires explanation, no alien version of yourself that requires humor and accommodation. What kind of life is that?

This same impatience with the absence of experimentation occasionally mars his book. There is sometimes a tone of disdain and superiority toward those who want to live routine lives, even when they do not try to impose their ways on others—as if those men who are at home "cooking for their boyfriends" are somehow less worthy of respect than those who make the rules up as they go along. Although Warner's most powerful position is an attack on all kinds of repressive "normalizing," at times

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he seems to "normalize" experimentation and to look down on conformity.

But most people need routines and even conformity, most of the time; and every person needs, at the least, a lot of parts of life that are not being called into question at every moment. In this sense, we all have to be married—to a job, a workout schedule, a daily routine of eating and washing, a breakfast cereal, a world of stable physical objects. Habit dulls perception and hobbles thought, but we need a lot of habit in order to live. Otherwise we would die from the pain of seeing.

If there are some people who find improvisational lives more tolerable than others, they should not look down on those others who cannot stand so much uncertainty. And really, isn't the queer life itself a kind of habit? Aren't people married to that life, as others are married to their domesticity? A little more gentleness toward humanity on Warner's part would not be amiss.

Still, to dismiss Warner's challenge on this account would be a mistake. For what Warner's book finally demands of us is not the chimera of romantic or existentialist self-invention. What it demands is genuine reflection. If we cannot dissociate ourselves from our patterns of desire and approval, including our desire to conform—and Warner knows that for the most part we cannot—we can at least think, and we can at least criticize, rather than just falling mindlessly back on the old ways and scorning those who are different.

This, in most good philosophical accounts of autonomy, is what autonomy means: taking an occasional step back from oneself, so that one can at least pose the question whether this is what one wishes to endorse, for oneself and for others. Warner, with Mill, is dead right when he says that the politics of sex has been ugly and mean-spirited in large part because we shrink from this kind of serious deliberation, and from being the kind of selves, and citizens, who engage in it. We call shame and disgust to our aid when we want to avoid looking seriously into our own sexual lives; and so the politics of shame is also the refusal of serious self-scrutiny. This invitation to thought, to the examined life, is the most attractive proposal, and the most challenging, indecent proposal, that queer culture makes to American democracy. They say to you, be someone else. I say: believe them. ■

Truths and Excuses

By RONALD RADOSH

Joseph McCarthy: Reexamining the Life and Legacy of America's Most Hated Senator by Arthur Herman

(The Free Press, 404 pp., $26)

FOR SOME YEARS now, a group of scholars who have been involved in a serious effort to address anew the nature of American Communism have had our work confused, either intentionally or as the result of lack of comprehension, with an attempt to resurrect the reputation and the standing of the famed junior senator from Wisconsin, Joseph McCarthy. Despite a virtual academic industry dedicated to the rehabilitation of the Communist Party of the United States, there has been no attempt by a serious scholar to perform the same egregious service for McCarthy. Quite the contrary. There is a general consensus among historians about the role played by McCarthy in America in the 1950s: he is regarded as a crude and vulgar demagogue, a charlatan who exploited very real postwar fears about the possibilities of a decent future in America to score political gains for himself and the Republican Party. McCarthy did this with a furious hunt for Reds—a search that extended to almost all of McCarthy's opponents, including prominent liberals who were lifelong anti-Communists.

The momentous step from the acknowledgment that Communists at home and abroad were in fact a threat to the democratic polity, and that (contrary to the reassurances of the anti-anti-Communists) there were a good number of Soviet spies recruited out of the American Communist Party, to the acknowledgment that McCarthy was onto something—this step is a real mental leap, and it was a noted liberal journalist, Nicholas von Hoffman, who first made the leap. Writing in *The Washington Post* in 1996, von Hoffman explained that "point by point Joe McCarthy got it all wrong and yet was still closer to the truth than those who ridiculed him." Von Hoffman went on to discuss what had been learned from the Venona revelations, but he provided little in the form of argument or evidence that would vindicate McCarthy. It was just a matter of time before someone would come along to do that dark and lonely work.

ARTHUR HERMAN HAS NOW attempted it, and as a result he will reap the opprobrium of most historians, regardless of the merit of the case that he presents. The pundit-historian Douglas Brinkley has already written that Herman must be numbered "among the zanies" who believe that McCarthy was a "misunderstood patriot whose conniving was all for duty, honor and country," and that Herman writes like "a defense attorney fighting to bolster the innocence of his client."

I am sure that there is more to come, because Joseph McCarthy has become the standard against which all false accusations are judged. "McCarthyism" has become a term that denotes an unjust and ugly smear. (Kenneth Starr's indictment of Bill Clinton last year was called "sexual McCarthyism" by some of the president's defenders.) This is owed in part to the recollection of McCarthy's performance during the famed "Army-McCarthy" hearings of 1954, which were viewed by millions of Americans on live television. (A later generation watched them in Emile DeAntonio's film *Point of Order*, which appeared in 1964.) So one must grant Arthur Herman the right to look anew at McCarthy's crusade, and to examine freshly the nature of his fight, and to explore whether or not any or all of his charges had some merit. As Herman puts it in his introduction, forty years later "it is now possible ... to set McCarthy's life and career against a broader and somewhat different horizon from the one he and his contemporaries had been limited to."

Historical revisionism, by its very nature, is almost always a worthy endeavor.

RONALD RADOSH is senior research associate at the Center for Communitarian Policy Studies, George Washington University, and the author, with Mary Habeck, of *Spain Betrayed: The Soviet Union and the Spanish Civil War*, which will be published this summer by Yale University Press.

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Historians are often so wrapped up in the politics of their day that even the most nuanced among them cannot help but look at their subject through the lens of their own predilections. As Herman points out, the viewpoint that was represented in 1959—forty years ago—by the "quintessential liberal anti-Communist" journalist Richard Rovere is still cited as the final judgment that one can legitimately reach about McCarthy: that he was "a screamer, a political thug, a master of the mob" who "usurped executive and judicial authority," and who in his essence was nothing but "a fraud." Surely one must ask whether or not the intervening decades have provided new evidence that requires us, whether we like it or not, to qualify or to complicate that very sharp and negative assessment of McCarthy.

The reasons for such a reassessment are historiographical, not political. And so it must be said at once that Herman has a good sense of history, and his account offers a thorough treatment of McCarthy's appeal, and its fit into the American political universe.

Herman observes, for example, that despite Dwight D. Eisenhower's fears of McCarthy in the presidential campaign in 1952, McCarthy's support helped the Republicans, inspiring "Republican votes in traditionally Democratic working-class neighborhoods, particularly in the Northeast. In German, Irish, and Italian Catholic districts, from Boston to Staten Island and Queens, from New Jersey and Pennsylvania, the total share of Republican votes jumped." This is not news; Michael Paul Rogin, in *McCarthy and the Intellectuals* (1967), argued that Richard Hofstadter was wrong in his theory that McCarthy's Midwestern support could be explained as a reactionary Populist rebellion in regions once loyal to agrarian radicalism. To Hofstadter, McCarthy's supporters were "pseudo-conservatives" reflecting "the rootlessness and heterogeneity of American life"; but Rogin showed that traditional Republican constituencies comprised his major base of support, though traditionally Democratic ethnic and social groups also backed McCarthy. The "true heart of McCarthyism," as Herman now writes, was ethnic Catholic support, particularly among Catholics who saw anti-Communism as their issue.

There is a sense, then, in which McCarthy might be called a premature Reagan Democrat. On this issue, which is hardly controversial anymore, Herman is on solid ground. But what about his major argument, that not only was McCarthy correct on the question of American Communism, but that he was also the subject of a highly politicized and unabashed political attack by partisan Democrats, who themselves engaged in tactics similar to those that they condemned when McCarthy employed them? About these urgent and delicate matters, Herman scores some points, only to allow them to disappear as he turns the evidence around to what seems to be his own rigged conclusion that McCarthy was essentially correct about everything.

Herman begins his book with a few chapters that paint a picture of the 1930s and 1940s, detailing what he calls the "fatal attraction" of liberals to Communists during the Popular Front, and characterizing the "intellectual fecklessness" of fellow travelers about the Soviet Union and denouncing the mentality of Popular Front liberals who "had voluntarily given up the power of rational judgment." He is right about all this. But then he proceeds to argue, or to imply strongly, that during the 1940s, when the United States was aligned militarily with the Soviet Union, Franklin Roosevelt's desire to deal "frankly and honestly" with Stalin necessarily led to the "disastrous decisions at Yalta." This is Herman's way of setting the stage for the arrival of the demagogue who would deal with, and batten from, the consequences of Roosevelt's policy.

Thus, although he discounts the claims that Roosevelt's top aide Harry Hopkins was himself a Soviet spy, Herman presents the case that his association with men like Alger Hiss, Harry Dexter White, and Lauchlin Currie, all of them Soviet agents, raises the possibility that Hopkins "knew these men were working for Soviet intelligence." But Herman himself does not know this; nor does he present any evidence that the New Deal policymakers had any such notion. Herman is so bent on portraying the New Deal as effectively a tool of the Soviet Union (shades of McCarthy's "twenty years of treason" charge) that he observes, in his discussion of the Communist underground cell that was established during the early days of the New Deal by Harold Ware, the son of the Communist pioneer Ella Reeve "Mother" Bloor, that Ware's cell "revealed the links between Communist plans and liberal Democratic aspirations." In truth, it revealed something else: namely, the desire of the Communists to provide information for the Soviet Union by infiltrating personnel into positions in the administration.

Herman also writes, incorrectly, that Ware "had begun his government service in the Agricultural Adjustment Administration (AAA)." Since Herman has read

Sam Tanenhaus's biography of Whittaker Chambers, he should know that Ware was never himself in government service, which includes the AAA. Ware had been a minor consultant to the Department of Agriculture in the 1920s. In 1933 he renewed his contacts in the agency and was a regular feature in the AAA lunchroom, where he met the idealistic young reformers who flocked to New Deal agencies, and from whose ranks he recruited his secret Communist network in 1934, under the control of the spymaster J. Peters.

BUT WHY IS all this in a book about Joe McCarthy? The answer comes at the end of Part I, where Herman prepares to introduce McCarthy as the "people's tribune, who would save the republic by exposing ... the liberals' complicity with evil." Herman sets out to ex-

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amine "the enemy within." And this raises the central question of whether or not McCarthy was accurate in search of that enemy.

Consider one of McCarthy's most important and celebrated charges, his allegations against the China scholar Owen Lattimore. Lattimore was director of the School of International Relations at Johns Hopkins University. In 1941, Roosevelt chose him to advise Chiang Kai-shek, and he spent the war years as head of Pacific Relations at the Office of War Information. Never a formal employee of the State Department, Lattimore served as a major adviser of its personnel, and policymakers took his views seriously. Most important, the right held Lattimore in contempt. As far as American conservatives were concerned, Lattimore was an enemy because he believed that it was unwise for the United States to continue to support or to subsidize the troops of Chiang Kai-shek.

Lattimore had many opponents among what came to be called the China Lobby; but it was McCarthy who took to the Senate floor to condemn Lattimore as Moscow's "top espionage agent" in America, and the "boss" of Alger Hiss. In March 1950, in a closed session of the Tydings Committee that was investigating McCarthy, he told the senators present that "I am willing to stake my whole case on this man. If I'm wrong about him, then I am discredited as a witness." The next day, McCarthy said he was "willing to stand or fall on this one."

Later, under sustained attack, McCarthy backtracked, and conceded that perhaps he had "placed too much stress on the question of whether he is a paid espionage agent," since the real issue was his "position of tremendous power in the State Department as the 'architect' of our Far Eastern policy." Advising on China policy—even advocating a policy other than that favored by the supporters of Chiang Kai-shek—was hardly the same thing as spying for the Soviet Union, not to speak of being the "top" such agent operating in the United States. Lattimore, who was in Kabul on a United Nations mission when the charges were made, immediately returned home to confront McCarthy. Appearing voluntarily before the Tydings Committee, Lattimore blasted McCarthy. He defended his anti-Chiang views, and he argued that if anyone said he was "disloyal or un-American, he is a fool or a knave."

Lattimore won that round. He became a cultural hero who, in the words of David Oshinsky, one of McCarthy's early biographers, "proved to be a tough adversary, someone more than willing to slug it out in public." And Robert P. Newman, Lattimore's biographer, captured the consensus about Lattimore when he concluded that "his track record is remarkable." Newman concludes that Lattimore was right to hold both McCarthy and Senator Pat McCarran's Internal Security Committee in utter contempt, since both were "accumulating perhaps the greatest mass of lies and perjuries ever assembled in the halls of Congress." Lattimore's refusal to knuckle under, or confess imagined sins, Newman asserts, was the factor that "stiffened the spines of others under attack."

In the light of the uncritical and simplistic adulation of Lattimore, Herman's work must be said to provide a necessary corrective. In what is perhaps the strongest part of his book, he argues that McCarthy's attack on Lattimore "had reversed the controls and raised fears (and hopes) that he had discovered the equivalent of another Alger Hiss." He acknowledges that the Sinologist was only "a minor consultant at State, which did not even issue him an office," and that he was "hardly the architect of State Department policy that McCarthy charged." Still, Herman continues, "he was also not as insignificant as he tried to make himself appear." The influence of Lattimore's understanding of China was pervasive. Since Lattimore's view that the Chinese Communists were more nationalist than pro-Soviet, and would therefore eventually break with Stalin, turned out to be correct in the long run, his belief that a Communist victory in China "would prove to be a magnificent opportunity for American foreign policy" gained widespread acceptance.

Herman's nuanced account is certainly more on target than the view espoused by Eric F. Goldman in his influential book *The Crucial Decade* (1956), in which Lattimore was described as "a non-Communist liberal who had been called into consultation infrequently by the State Department and whose suggestions had been almost totally ignored." It is valuable to have the record set straight. But it is also important to note that none of this is new. Indeed, it was known at the time. It was Sidney Hook, after all, who wrote in 1952 about the "opinionated ignorance" of those who believed that Lattimore was "a well-meaning liberal martyrized by McCarthy for telling unpalatable truths about Asia." In fact, Hook noted, Lattimore, "at the very least, was a devious and skillful follower of the Communist Party line on Asian affairs," who had hardly suffered as a result of his self-proclaimed ordeal.

"Allegedly hunted as a witch," Hook asserted, Lattimore was actually "secure in his job, published a best seller, and still exercises a professional influence ... greater than all anti-Communists combined." And Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., in a letter to Thurman W. Arnold on March 18, 1953, seconded this characterization of Lattimore and stressed that the China scholar "was opposed to fascism but was *not* opposed to Communism." Schlesinger wrote that he saw "no reason to admire men who under the pretense of liberalism, continued to justify and whitewash the realities of Soviet Communism."

As Herman shows, Lattimore led a successful assault on McCarthy, even making "McCarthyism" a part of the national vocabulary. Lattimore wrote that "McCarthyism insists constantly, emotionally, and menacingly that the man who thinks independently thinks dangerously and for an evil, disloyal purpose." This line of attack, Herman comments, "played on the instinct of many liberals to believe that any attack on Communists was really an attack on intelligent, open-minded people such as themselves. Anyone accused of being a Communist was by definition an innocent victim, and anyone who did the accusing was by implication a crypto-fascist or 'McCarthyite.'"

On all this, again, Herman is certainly correct. (Alger Hiss was not innocent merely because Richard Nixon said that he was guilty.) Herman makes this case cogently and sharply. And then he promptly undermines it, and provides argument and ammunition for precisely the people whose logic he impugns. Citing the investigation carried out two years after McCarthy made his charges by Senator McCarran's Senate Internal Security Committee, Herman writes that what McCarran's committee discovered "was that McCarthy had been largely correct." Herman claims that McCarran was able to show that the Institute of Pacific Relations (IPR), the think tank with which Lattimore was affiliated and whose journal he had edited, "had sheltered no fewer than *eight* active espionage agents."

Even if this assertion were true, and it is highly problematic, all that it demonstrates (as Herman himself acknowledges) is that Lattimore "did manage to surround himself" with pro-Soviet types. Interestingly, Herman's footnote to this claim is a book that Harvey Klehr and I wrote on the *Amerasia* case, the first postwar spy drama, in which six people, including the China hand John S. Service, had been arrested in June 1945 and charged with espionage on behalf of the Chinese Communists. Herman writes that "the complex threads running between the IPR, Soviet and Communist Chinese intelligence, and the CPUSA are all to be found in Klehr and Radosh." But nowhere in our book do we claim or suggest that

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Owen Lattimore was a Soviet agent, or that he knowingly recruited Soviet agents to work at his journal and his think tank.

Indeed, much of the story about such a ring came from the testimony before the Tydings Commission of the ex-Communist Louis Budenz, of whom Herman writes that after hearing his testimony, "thoughtful listeners for the first time began to wonder if McCarthy might have something after all." As Klehr and I point out in the book that Herman claims to have closely read, however, Budenz's testimony was not very believable. Budenz had talked to the FBI for five years without ever mentioning any connection between Lattimore and a supposed espionage ring, which he suddenly claimed was important. He had often presented quite different accounts of events. Before the Tydings Commission, Budenz claimed falsely that Lattimore was asked by the Communist Party to fix the *Amerasia* case; and in a published article he wrote that the man asked to do that job was Alger Hiss.

FINALLY, HERMAN ASSERTS that Lattimore had a close and "intimate" association with Lauchlin Currie, the White House liaison to the State Department under Roosevelt and Truman. Currie has indeed been proved to have been a Soviet agent by the Venona files and other KGB sources. (Herman writes that, decades later "even more of the truth would come out," referring to revelations from newly available Soviet sources.) For this reason, Herman alleges that it was "Currie who sent Lattimore to China as FDR's representative and later as part of the [Henry] Wallace mission. It was also Currie who instructed Lattimore to hire the Cambridge spy Michael Greenberg as his assistant."

Greenberg, who had been Currie's administrative assistant at the White House, was indeed another Soviet spy. But no evidence has ever appeared to substantiate Herman's charges. Herman has no footnote indicating where he found evidence for what he claims. Prior to his book, indeed, the charge that Lattimore was instructed to hire Greenberg as his aide has never been made by anyone, including any of Lattimore's opponents.

Herman has been questioned privately about his source by the historian John Haynes, and he has replied that he thought the information came from John Costello's *Mask of Treachery*, which appeared in 1988. Yet Costello writes that it was the IPR chairman Edward C. Carter who brought Greenberg to IPR. Nor does Costello argue that Currie was behind Lattimore's China trip. Herman is so anxious to prove McCarthy right that he does McCarthy one better, providing more false or highly speculative claims with which to darken the plot.

Herman concludes his discussion this way: "Yet if Lattimore was no 'top spy,' he was no martyr to McCarthyism either.... If Lattimore had not been what he claimed, neither was he what McCarthy had claimed." This is true; but it also means that McCarthy was *not* right. And yet Herman continues to produce new excuses for McCarthy. He argues that had McCarthy "proceeded with the great care and diligence the case demanded, he could have emerged vindicated. But... by inflating the Lattimore case in order to salvage his position he had instead damaged it." This observation is ironic; for this is precisely what Herman has done to himself with his own discussion of Lattimore. Herman claims that McCarthy learned from his attack on Lattimore how to distinguish between "who was a spy and who was merely a fellow traveler, Stalinist sympathizer, or a 'loyalty risk.'" This assertion, too, is false. But whether or not Joseph McCarthy learned that lesson, it is clear that Arthur Herman has not learned it.

WHAT ABOUT THE other assertions about Communists that were made by McCarthy against individuals less well-known than Owen Lattimore? Let us take the case of Reed Harris, an employee at the Voice of America whose interrogation by McCarthy was made famous when Edward R. Murrow included it as part of his attack on the senator on his "See It Now" television program. Harris's name does not appear in Herman's book, but it deserves to stand as shorthand for the kind of demagoguery that was regularly employed by McCarthy.

Harris's interrogation took place in 1953, during McCarthy's investigation of the Voice of America for "Communist infiltration." But when Harris testified, he found that the questions he was asked by McCarthy pertained not to the VOA, but to Harris's youth and his years in college. McCarthy blasted him for being suspended at Columbia University for writing a book attacking college athletics, and for defending himself by means of the services of the ACLU. Among other things, McCarthy incorrectly cited the ACLU as a "Communist Front" that figured on the attorney general's list of subversive and Communist front groups. When Harris told McCarthy that he had been cleared by the Civil Service Commission, McCarthy compared Harris to Hiss, whom (he said sardonically) "was also cleared."

All of this is common knowledge, since Murrow featured it; and Herman has some interesting points to make about

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the journalist's celebrated program on McCarthy, which was perhaps the single most influential broadcast of the postwar era. He notes that Murrow's show was "not a report at all but a full-scale assault, employing exactly the same techniques of 'partial truth and innuendo' that critics accused McCarthy of doing." He cites correctly the observations of two contemporary liberal journalists who pointed out that the program relied on selective and dubious techniques of editing that, if used differently, could have made McCarthy into a saint. And Herman remarks that McCarthy was already a pariah by the time Murrow's program aired, and was scorned by most of the media. Condemnations of the senator "were pouring out thick and fast," from the likes of James Pike and Walter Lippman.

YET HERMAN SEEMS to be unaware of the on-air reply to Murrow that McCarthy presented three weeks later, courtesy of CBS and Murrow, who offered McCarthy the airtime to reply. In that broadcast, McCarthy's confused, rambling, and utterly unpersuasive response lost him support. The senator launched a personal attack on Murrow, holding up the dedication of a book that Murrow wrote during the war to the British left-wing political scientist Harold Laski, as well as the fact that in its daily listing of recommended TV shows, the Communist *Daily Worker* always listed "See It Now."

Herman even sees it as a factor favoring McCarthy that "liberalism, not communism, ... conceived the greatest hatred and loathing of Joe McCarthy." His implication is that the cold war liberals of the day had the wrong enemy. McCarthy, he tells us in his chapter on the press and the senator, could not understand how a liberal columnist such as James Wechsler of the *New York Post* could castigate the demagogue and seem to be "more outraged by his activities than they were by dirty deeds in the Kremlin." This was a preposterous charge to make against someone like Wechsler. Earlier in his book, Herman singles out Wechsler as one of those who correctly supported Truman's Loyalty Board investigations, since he understood that measures had to be taken to deal with the problem of national security and Communist infiltration. And anyone reading the *Post* 's editorials knew that Wechsler was consistently opposed to Soviet expansionism.

Herman's discussion of Wechsler's appearance before McCarthy's committee illustrates the problems with his approach to the subject. He writes from the perspective of McCarthy's own mind, wanting his readers to understand where Joe was coming from: "An editorial branding McCarthy a reckless demagogue and fascist would appear in *The Daily Worker*; the next day editorials would sprout up in ... the *New York Post* repeating substantially the same thing. How can you explain this unless the liberals and the Communists really *are* in cahoots, McCarthy would ask himself." Herman cites McCarthy's admonition to Wechsler that he felt that the editor had not broken with the Communists, and was "serving them very, very actively"; but he leaves out the essence of McCarthy's interrogation of Wechsler—his surrealistic charge that Wechsler himself had written the Communist Party's attacks on both himself and the *Post*, in order to confuse and to mislead readers of Wechsler's anti-McCarthy editorials in his own paper. As Wechsler later wrote, "I found myself in the preposterous position of denying under oath that I had inspired the long series of Communist attacks against me, climaxed by the denunciation of the [Communist Party] Central Committee." Wechsler was right. "The existence of evidence of innocence," he wrote, "becomes the damning proof of guilt." With accusations such as these, there was simply no way to win a battle with McCarthy.

Then there is Herman's brief treatment of I.F. Stone. On the basis of the Venona revelations, Herman writes, it is now known that Stone "was, it now seems, closer to the Moscow line than even McCarthy imagined." McCarthy never went after Stone, since his left-wing (and for a time pro-Soviet) views were plain for all to see. The Venona documents were not needed to establish Stone's attitudes toward the Soviets. But Herman writes that Stone's position was that "there was no Soviet espionage at all, and that the whole thing was a fiction invented by the reactionary right." He will be hard-pressed to explain, then, how it was that Stone publicly wrote of his doubts of the Rosenbergs' innocence, and even wrote that his examination of the trial record led him to believe that more than likely they were guilty.

OF ALL THE people whom McCarthy took on, none gained more publicity—or more hostility—for the senator than his attack on General George C. Marshall. The architect of the Marshall Plan, the mentor of Dwight D. Eisenhower, the hero of World War II, Marshall was hardly a man whose patriotism could be impugned. Yet on June 14, 1951, McCarthy charged in a very long speech that Marshall had aided the Communist drive for world domination, and had helped sell out China to Mao, and had stood by Roosevelt's side during the Yalta treachery, "serving the world policy of the Kremlin." The assault on Marshall, as Herman acknowledges, resulted in more negative publicity for McCarthy than any of his other awful crusades. Even Robert A. Taft, the dean of Republican conservatives, said publicly that McCarthy's "extreme attack against General Marshall is one of the things on which I cannot agree."

But Herman is more charitable to McCarthy in the matter of Marshall. Claiming to speak as a "modern historian," Herman accuses Marshall of holding a "contemptuous and censorious" attitude toward Chiang and the KMT, and a "far more charitable" attitude toward Mao and the Communists. In his reading, Marshall was at least a dupe of the "pro-Communist opinion" spread by the old China hands such as Service, as well as a naïve man who found Zhou En-lai completely trustworthy. Indeed, Herman writes, "if any single person can be said to have 'lost China' (and perhaps none can) it was George Catlett Marshall." As evidence, he quotes at length an article by Forrest Davis, the journalist who most probably was the man who wrote the lengthy diatribe by McCarthy against Marshall!

Of course, Herman stops short at backing McCarthy's famous claim that Marshall's actions were part of a "conspiracy on a scale so immense as to dwarf any previous such venture in the history of man." Herman knows that this is a phrase that McCarthy's "critics have mocked ever since." And yet he continues to explain and to justify McCarthy's conspiracy theory. He remarks, for example, that after pointing out for a year that Acheson, Marshall and others had betrayed their country, it was clear that "to some degree they *must* have desired the disastrous outcome of their policies." This is preposterous.

HERMAN'S ACCOUNT OF McCarthy goes beyond the empathy required for good history to the sympathy that sometimes makes bad history. Thus Herman offers evidence, gathered from McCarthy's biographers, David M. Oshinksy and Thomas C. Reeves, that even McCarthy's most fervent supporters thought that he was going too far, and that even McCarthy had to back off slightly from the charges he made in his speech against Marshall—but then Herman writes: "Yet McCarthy in his own unreasonable way had raised a reasonable issue." A reasonable issue? That Marshall and the Truman administration and the "New Deal establishment" had sought to facilitate Communist success, and had helped the Soviet Union by its own "poorly considered actions"?

Wasn't that reason, Herman asks,

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"more than sufficient ... for removing them from office?" Herman does not provide an answer, assuming that his readers will answer in the affirmative. Indeed, Herman sees McCarthy as having raised a "genuine issue" that could have led to ousting the Democrats from power. And having justified McCarthy's attack on Marshall, one is not surprised to find that Herman also finds McCarthy treated unfairly by the press and the public in the notorious Army-McCarthy hearings, the televised event in 1954 that is generally regarded as having finished McCarthy off in the eyes of the public.

Herman again recognizes that the hearings chaired by McCarthy in his own Senate subcommittee "would be the basis of McCarthy's fearsome reputation as the red scare's grand inquisitor," and become an "archetype of political tyranny in America." Yet Herman's defense is essentially that McCarthy never engaged in tactics that had not been used previously by liberals and progressives, whether against the munitions industries by the Nye Committee in 1935, or by the LaFollette Committee's investigation of the anti-union activities of big business in the 1930s. (Or, for that matter, against the Nixon administration during Watergate.) These are highly flawed analogies; but even if they were accurate analogies, they would hardly serve as a defense of more wrongdoing by another Senate committee.

The apparent purpose of McCarthy's charges against the Army was to find out who was responsible for obtaining the promotion of Captain Irving Peress, an Army dentist, to the rank of major. Peress had been a Communist Party member and an activist in one of its front groups. Although Army intelligence had Peress under surveillance, the Army approved his request for promotion. Working through newly declassified files, Herman has found the answer to McCarthy's "rally cry, 'Who Promoted Peress!'" It turns out to have been minor bureaucrats, who saw the request as part of an Army-wide reappointment of officers who had been brought in as captains but who should have been made majors from the start.

In other words, the promotion had little to do with Army officials seeking to protect Communists. As Herman admits, "McCarthy was mistaken in assuming that Peress's promotion was the result of Communist collusion with the Army." What then, does Herman add? Again he justifies the charges and the hearings, in this case on the grounds that Army security procedures were notoriously lax. The Army sought to deal with McCarthy's challenge by turning the tables on him. Roy Cohn's friend G. David Schine had been brought into McCarthy's employment as a result of pressure from Cohn. When Schine discovered that the Army had drafted him, Cohn immediately sought to have pressure brought to exempt Schine from the draft or at least to gain special treatment for him once he was inducted. Herman acknowledges that "it is very hard to imagine that ... Schine and Cohn did not make it crystal clear that any special favors would be appreciated," and that McCarthy, too, "lent himself to Cohn's campaign" in a way that showed the Senator was interfering in matters of military assignments. Yet his entire discussion of the affair is written in a way that puts the blame on Cohn and exonerates McCarthy.

As for the one incident that completely demolished McCarthy—his naming of Army counsel Joseph Welch's law-firm employee Fred Fisher as a member of the Communist front National Lawyers Guild when he was in law school—Herman concludes that "Welch's performance, like the entire Fred Fisher 'smear,' had been a sham." But even his own discussion does not substantiate such a claim. Indeed, Welch and McCarthy had made a deal: McCarthy promised not to mention Fisher's NLG membership, if Welch did not bring up Roy Cohn's various attempts to evade the draft. McCarthy, under pressure of Welch's continued needling, broke that deal and brought up Fisher's name. This led to what everyone who saw the event on television will never forget: Welch's admonition not to "assassinate this lad further," and his unforgettable question to McCarthy, "Have you no sense of decency, sir, at long last?" By then, it was all over for McCarthy. As Herman writes, "conservatives and allies now realized there was no way to save him." Herman's final judgment on McCarthy is that his demise meant the end of any serious concern with Communism and domestic security.

Anti-Communist liberals have claimed, with much merit, that McCarthy's greatest disservice was to give anti-Communism a bad name, and thereby to enable the hard Left to dismiss any concern about American Communism as a McCarthyite smear. But Herman argues, to the contrary, that within a decade after McCarthy's death, most liberals had lost interest in the aims of anti-Communism. By the 1960s, he asserts, McCarthy's nightmare "of American liberals and radicals allying themselves with domestic Communists on one side and with foreign totalitarians on the other" had come to pass. Herman even shows sympathy for McCarthy's late ally, Senator James Eastland of Mississippi, who recoiled at the Warren Court's decision in *Watkins* v. *United States*, that placed new limits on congressional investigative powers. McCarthy labeled it a "victory for the Communists," and Eastland agreed that the Court was influenced by a "secret, but very powerful Communist ... influence."

Arthur Herman believes that Joseph McCarthy made something of a sound case, and then overstepped his bounds and went too far, thereby discrediting and undermining anything of merit that he had done. The same, unfortunately, must be said of Arthur Herman's book. ■

What the Lovers in the Old Songs Thought

Thinking "In the beginning was the—(*What??*)"
Faust tried, for openers, *Wort...Sinn...Kraft...Tat*
("Word"? Meaning? Power?—all these reeked of creed:
He finally settled simply on "the Deed".)
But none of these would do for true Beginning:
Our ghosts were there before all those, and not
Playing love's game in which there is no winning,
But doing love's work, continuous creation
Of all the celebrated lovers' tales,
Of all the letters, all the conversation,
All the strange fictions that plain fact entails
And all the silences that bridge the void
Of words exhausted. Let us take possession
Of Origin, then like some crafty Freud
Saying "In the beginning was Repression"
Or like some cabbalist "First was the Name."
What could we literary lovers claim?

In the beginning was unlikeness? (*Good!*)
In the beginning was the opened door
Through which crept in the soul of all our sins?
In the beginning there was need for more?
In the beginning there was likelihood?—
The oldest gospel of our lives begins
"In the beginning there was metaphor."

John Hollander

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Out of Time

IS THERE A MORE AMERICAN comedy than the mourning for marginality? As tolerance in America grows more and more perfect, the pariah becomes more and more of a poser. Our "outsiders" and "insurgents" and "outlaws" are senators (and former senators) and university professors and IPO artists and couturiers and rock stars and rap stars and film stars. Which concentration of American power lives in fear of the populism of Bruce Springsteen or the radicalism of Oliver Stone? Who is trembling before Spike Lee? In truth, they all represent the coming to pass of Herbert Marcuse's worst nightmare, which in the real world is a delightful dream. Difference in America has lost its dangers and its thrills. In recent decades, we have shamed ourselves out of many of our foulest ways. Now we collide tensely but banally. Some of the all-American uglinesses survive in places, but as anachronisms, even as archaisms. All that remains is for the many quiddities in our midst to develop themselves as they wish; and for their failure to develop themselves, they will have largely themselves to blame. It is getting harder and harder to feel impeded in America.

SO I DO NOT FEEL LEFT OUT WHEN George W. Bush names Jesus as his favorite philosopher; or rather, I am pleased to feel left out, pleased not to feel implicated by the trick. Exclude me, please. And for many months now I have been feeling this way about the eve of January 1, 2000, which I intend to mark also as the eve of Tevet 23, 5760. Whose millennium is this, really? It is certainly not mine. It belongs to Christians and to merchandisers and to journalists, and it is they who will reap the disillusionment and the exhaustion. (The journalists will cover the disillusioned and the exhausted, thereby giving a hungover civilization the gift of continuity.) Myself, I have a stiff-necked certainty that the world will not change in the next few days, and that the division of history into millennia and centuries and decades is meaningless, and that eschatological thinking of any kind is the enemy of reason and decency, and that Jesus was not the son of God. So this is not, as I say, my party. This week I am living gratefully out of time.

THERE IS NOTHING AT ALL COURAgeous or glamorous about my alienation, about my little dissent from the superstitions and the vulgarities of the moment. My circumstances are not like the circumstances of my ancestors: I will not be forced to choose between Veuve Clicquot and death. It is not my apartness in America to which I appeal, when I exempt myself from the hectoring milestone; it is my doubleness. (One life, two calendars.) Nor do I mean to exaggerate the gravity of the event. I can see that this millennial dizziness is mainly not philosophical. How could it be philosophical? We live too fast to think now. Eschatology cannot mean anything to people who have no experience of duration. No, most of this carnival of cheap historicity is just another occasion for people to addle themselves with sentiment, to be nostalgic for their own lives. Surely experience has been depleted when one resorts to the calendar, to any calendar, for a sensation of significance.

IT IS NOT ONLY CHRISTIAN REDEMPtion in which I cannot profess an interest; and so it will be my good fortune that I will not be alive in the Christian year 2240. For it will be the Jewish year 6000—our millennium, our opportunity to embarrass ourselves with our own loss of sobriety. The year 6000 has loomed over the sacred chronology of the Jews since the days of the Talmud: "The world will exist for six thousand years, and then for a thousand years it will lie desolate," and so on. For a long time in the ancient world, the end was expected sometime in the fifth millennium; but after the crushing eschatological disappointment of the second century of the Common Era, when the titanic Akiva erroneously staked everything on the false messiah Bar Kochba, the rabbis revised their calendar of creation backward by a thousand years, to arm their people with time against despair. Still, the analogy between the eras of history and the six days of creation continued to be pondered; and the Book of Daniel was turned over and over for its secrets about the future; and florid numerologies were offered for the interpretation of Scriptural consolations; and eventually the Jews developed their own traditions of salvational arithmetic. They were forbidden by their jurists to compute the date of the redemption, but many of them could not help themselves. Out of hope for a climax or out of hunger for a climax, they kept "calculating the end." Needless to say, the appointed years came and the appointed years went. The Jews taught themselves the spiritual advantages of unexcitability, the spiritual sufficiency of the present. The elaborate predictions of the messianists in all the generations were only "words of maybe and perhaps"—promises, not plans—warned Nahmanides in the thirteenth century—before he proceeded to settle on the Jewish year 5118, or the Christian year 1358, as the likely date of the Advent. History is a terrible temptation for religion; and modern religion, certainly, has surrendered happily to the temptation. I expect that in the Jewish year 6000 there will be a "Jerusalem syndrome" much like the "Jerusalem syndrome" of the Christian year 2000; and then, too, there will be no relief from the order (and the disorder) of the world. In 2240, however, Jewish smugness will be impossible. O, woe.

I HAVE KNOWN ONLY ONE MAN WHO lived his whole life out of time, and he died last week, as if to express his opinion of the millennial derangement. His name was Niccolò Tucci, and he was 91 when he died. "I MUST see you," he wrote to me out of the blue 20 years ago. "Years ago (1954) I wrote a short play about the Christian question (there IS no Jewish question, it is we who are in a moral ghetto of our own making, and we STILL are there, since the days of Dreyfus)." The letter was signed, "Yours in friendship '*unbekannterweise*,'" and I was enchanted. Tucci was a wise and wakeful writer, a true master of making art out of memory. He was the son of an Italian father and a Russian mother, and he grew up to become an anarchist son of the aristocracy and a furious critic of Italian fascism and "my diseducation at the hands of Mussolini." He settled in New York in 1938, where he wrote stories and novels whose great, bitter subject was the comedy of loss. He had a remarkable ability to make his acid standpoint seem like the essence of humaneness. I remember thinking, during one of our morning walks: Gogol on Madison. In his temperament, as in the flamboyant silks that he wrapped around his neck, Tucci was a nineteenth-century man captured by the twentieth century—a genuinely unexpected man. "I was born before my time," one of his novels began. "When my time came, the place was occupied by someone else; all the good things of life for which I was now fit had suddenly become unfit. It was always too early or too late." This incommensurability was Tucci's strength, the source of his wicked poise. He lived in the aftermath of belonging, and that is where he belonged. This was his teaching: Live before your time or live after your time, but beware the shallows of perfect contemporaneity.

LEON WIESELTIER

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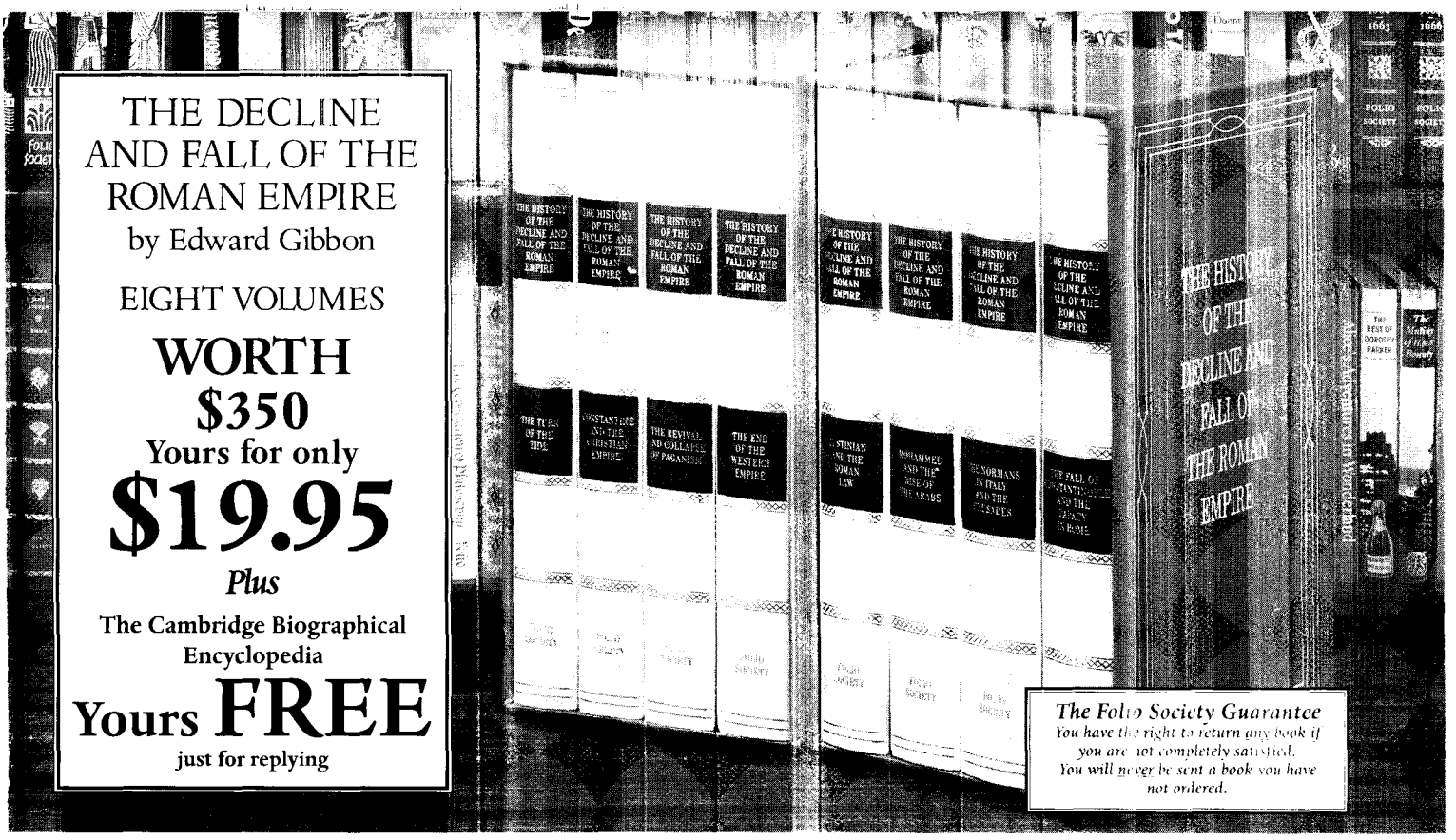
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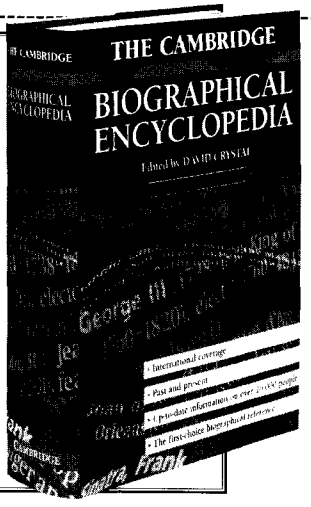

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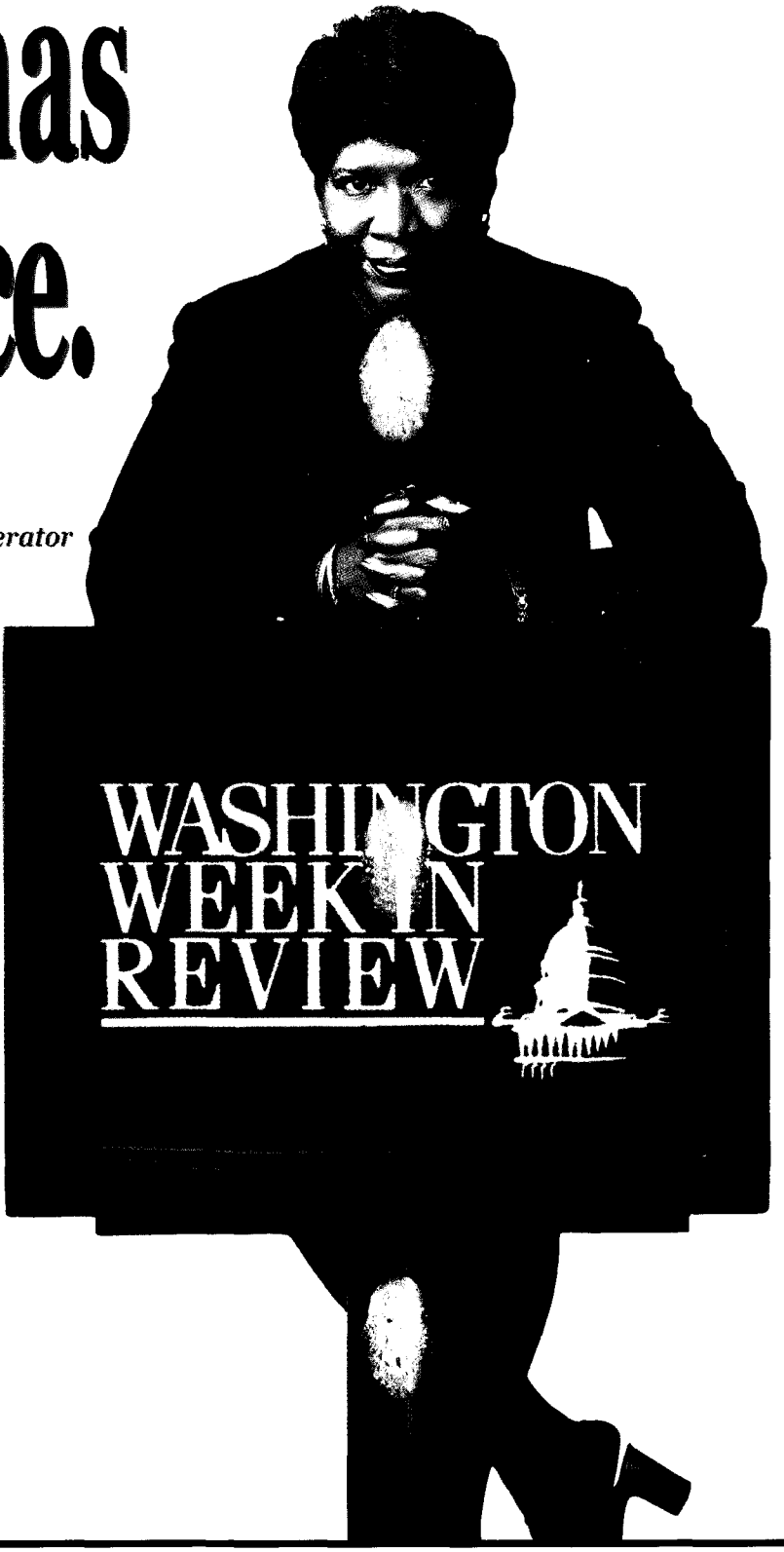

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